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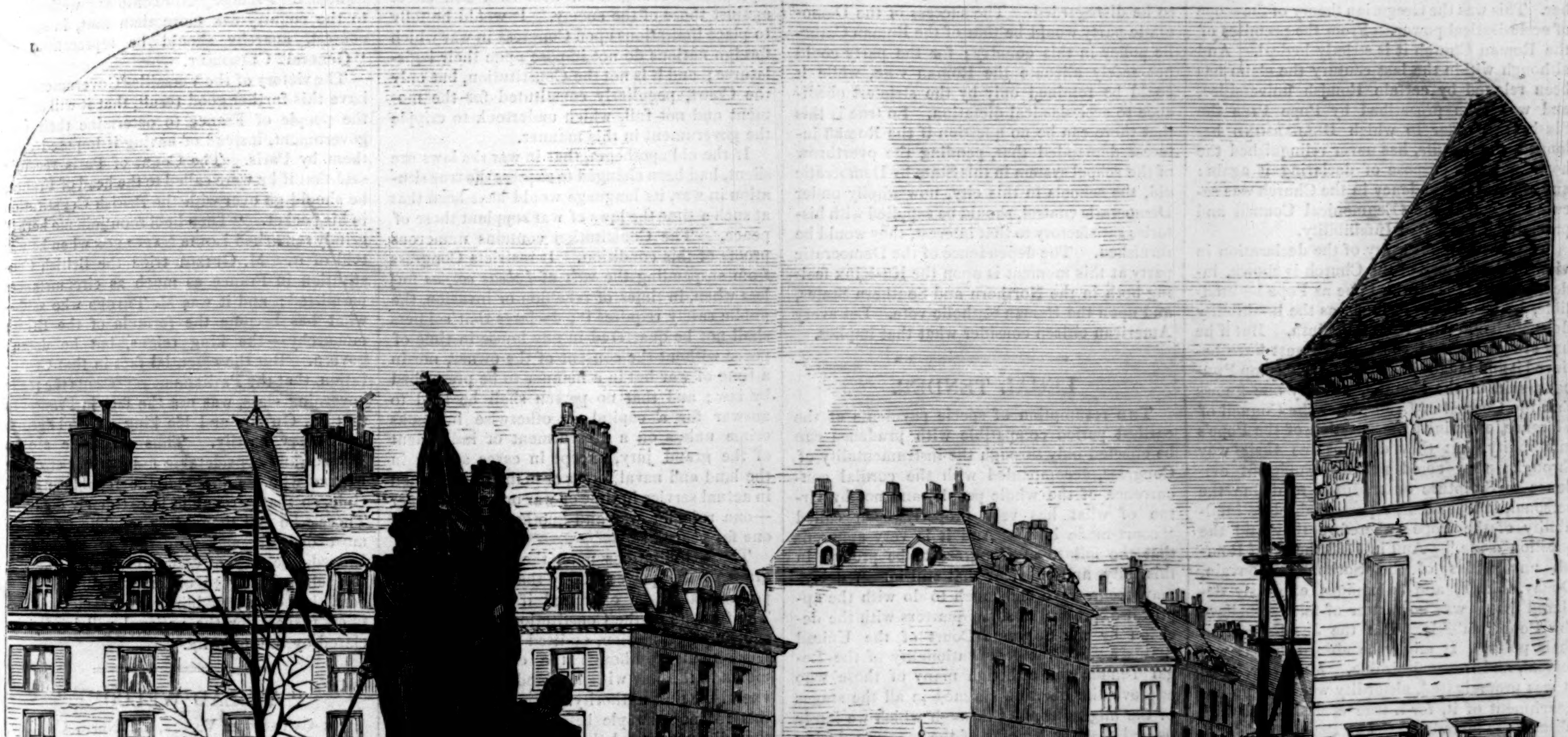
THE WAR AT PARIS.

WE give in this number of the *Weekly* several illustrations of the civil war now raging in and around Paris. One on this page represents the barricades erected by the Red Republican insurgents in the Place de Clichy, with some cannon and a tree of liberty planted near the statue.

The illustration on page 436 shows the defeat of the insurgents at the bridge of Neuilly on the 2d of April. They had occupied Puteaux (a pleasant village on the slope of Mont Valérien), Courbevoie, with the large barracks there, and the bridge of Neuilly. The outposts of the Versailles army, under command of General VINOY, occupied ground immediately contiguous. The Reds had strongly barricaded the bridge of Neuilly and loop-holed the barracks at Courbevoie, situated at the end of a long avenue forming an angle with the Avenue de Neuilly, and leading to the Rond-point de Courbevoie, whither the statue of the first NAPOLEON was removed some years ago from the Place Vendôme. The body of troops from Versailles sent by General VINOY to act against the insurgents, not above 3000 strong, marched at daylight; but a second body, in support of the first, numbering 10,000 men of different arms, started from Satory about an hour later, and remained in reserve a short distance in rear of the attack. The attack was made about ten o'clock in the morning, and after a severe engagement the Red Republicans fled back across the bridge, and took shelter behind the ramparts on each side of the Porte Maillot. On page 432 will be found



THE WAR AT PARIS—BARRICADE IN THE PLACE DE CLICHY.

an illustration representing the announcement of a decree by the Red Republican government, or Commune, at the Hôtel de Ville.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1871.

☞ *In the* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will find a very striking Poem, entitled*

"ICE AND COAL,"

with five illustrations by THOMAS NAST *and* SOL EYTINGE; *another installment of* "MEMORIES," *giving delightful reminiscences of* THOMAS HOOD, *with five illustrations; a second chapter of* MRS. LINTON'S *interesting story,* "TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD;" *a beautiful Spring Picture; an illustration of* CAMP LIFE ON THE PLAINS; *and other attractive features.*

☞ CHARLES READE'S *new Story,* "A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION," *is one of the most thrilling and powerful productions of this eminent master of fiction. It was commenced in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for March 1, and is continued in the present Number.*

ROME AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CARDINAL BELLARMINE said that the Pope "hath a full power over the whole world, both in ecclesiastical and civil affairs, and that to question it was a detestable heresy." Pope PAUL the Second told the embassador of Queen ELIZABETH that "England was held in fee of the apostolic see," and Pope PIUS the Fifth assumed to excommunicate and depose her. This was the Gregorian theory of the scope of ecclesiastical power. From the premises of the Roman Church it is strictly logical. And although within the last century the claim has been relaxed by certain Romish universities, and was even proscribed by Pope PIUS the Sixth, the order to which BELLARMINE belonged, the Jesuits, has never relinquished the hope and the purpose of declaring it again: and when its ascendency in the Church was secured it called the Œcumenical Council and proclaimed the Papal Infallibility.

The essential absurdity of the declaration in view of the history of the Church is shown, indeed, in this, that if the Pope as Pope be infallible, he has always been so, as the infallibility does not begin with PIUS the Ninth. But if he has always been so, the Church must have believed it and taught it. Yet, as Archbishop PURCELL said in the Council, "Every one knows that the Council of Lyons, after the Council of Florence, examined the question of the Pope's infallibility, but they did not see their way through: they could not find sufficient evidence in Scripture or tradition to define the personal, independent, separate, absolute infallibility of the Pope; therefore they laid the question aside." And in 1788 the great Romish universities of the Sorbonne, Louvain, Douay, Alcala, and Salamanca expressly declared that it was no matter of faith to believe the Pope infallible. But the Jesuits carried their point. It might be absurd, but it was logical, and it was desirable. Moreover, when it was promulgated, absurdity would be no impeachment of it, for a true ecclesiastical faith absorbs the incredible. The Papal Infallibility was proclaimed, and the Roman Pontiff was restored to the position which BELLARMINE had claimed for him.

But the position of the Roman Church is extraordinary. Within the year in which the civil power of the Pope was declared he was removed from that power by members of his own communion. In his own political capital—in Rome itself—the Government, composed of his fellow-churchmen, proposes the separation of church and state. In Austria the Government, also of his own Church, has forbidden the priests to meddle with the schools, and it rebuked the Pope when he protested. The greatest theologian and divine of the Church, Dr. DÖLLINGER, and its greatest orator, Father HYACINTHE, have each protested against the decree of infallibility. The King of Bavaria, a Roman Catholic, has signified his sympathy with Dr. DÖLLINGER; and Baron VON STAUFFENBERG, a delegate from Bavaria in the German Parliament, also a Roman Catholic, states that the Bavarian Constitution distinguishes between purely religious and purely secular concerns, and says that before long the question may be asked which is the true Catholic Church?

But the most striking fact of all is that, while the most vigorous protest against the action of the Vatican Council, virtually claiming for the Pope the civil allegiance of every member of his Church in the world, proceeds from Roman Catholics in the European monarchies, the most unanimous and servile acquiescence in it is found among the Romanists of the American republic. This acquiescence is so complete that they have, with one exception in the priesthood, and he was peremptorily silenced, bitterly denounced the peaceful revolution in Rome which has placed the Government in the hands of the Romans. And still more significant and important is the fact that the political party in this country which claims by its name, Democratic, to be peculiarly the party of the people, allies itself with this Roman Catholic element, and it is because of this alliance that Father HECKER and the priests whom Mr. PARTON mentions cherish the warmest hopes of the supremacy of their Church in this country—a supremacy which would necessarily be the overthrow of free popular government. In 1800 the Roman Catholics were about one-seventeenth of the whole population. In 1870 they were one-sixth. In 1900 they hope to be one-third.

This population is mainly of foreign birth, or of one or two removes. It has necessarily no strong American feeling. It is, with signal and admirable exceptions, an ignorant and superstitious population. It is compact and obedient to ecclesiastical leaders. Those leaders truly say with BYRON, although in another sense, "O Rome, my country!" They live for one object—the supremacy of their Church. They understand the methods of acquiring and maintaining it. Their purpose is relentless; their vigilance unsleeping. A political party, therefore, which, like the Democratic, has sustained itself upon ignorance, class hatred, and prejudice, steadily disregarding the moral law and the American doctrine of liberty, finds this rapidly increasing multitude exactly suited to its purposes. It has, as a class, no American instincts, little intelligence, and all the passions of ignorance; and by pandering to its desires the party can secure its vote. Hitherto the political policy of this Church in this country has been the assault upon the public school system. Wherever that has been made, it has been made by the Democratic party, and, as the consideration of that and other favors, that party has had the Roman Catholic vote.

This is a fact too conspicuous and significant to be disregarded. The success of the Democratic party would be that of the Roman Catholic policy in this country; for the party could not safely alienate the Roman vote, while it could be retained only by the strictest obedience to ecclesiastical dictation. So true is this that there can be no question if the Roman interest demanded that, pending the overthrow of the school system in this State by Democratic aid, the schools in this city, now wholly under Democratic control, should be supplied with histories satisfactory to that interest, they would be furnished. The dependence of the Democratic party at this moment is upon the Ku-Klux feeling both in the Northern and Southern States, and upon the Roman Catholic vote. Let every American citizen consider what that implies.

LEGAL TENDER.

THE resumption of specie payments at the earliest period compatible with prudence can be effected only through the instrumentality of Congress, accompanied with the cordial concurrence of the whole people, and not by virtue of what has very properly been called "court-made law." And it is very apparent that the failure of Congress to be prompt in this duty, and the fear that still longer delays may occur, have had much to do with the approval expressed in some quarters with the decision by the Supreme Court of the United States against the constitutionality of the Legal Tender act, although many of those who approve the decision claimed in all the stages of the mighty conflict through which we lately passed that the benefits of the measure during that struggle were second in importance only to the action of our forces in the field. It may be very convenient, under some aspects of the case, to enjoy the advantages of the act in war, and then, after it has performed essential service, and when all danger is over, have it declared illegal; but a solemn decision, acquiesced in by the country, that there is no power to pass such an act, however necessary it may be for the purposes of the conflict, strips the government of one of the most important means of warfare and defense used by modern nations.

Such a decision produces other and serious disadvantages. The legal tender currency has been employed now for over nine years. The vast indebtedness of the people has been adjusted in it, so far as it has been adjusted, and it will be perilous to have the foundations of all that has been done disturbed by a harsh decision. Judgment has already been rendered in a State court to recover the difference between gold and currency, on the ground that the payment was accepted in currency, when, had the decision in the legal tender case been announced, it might have been demanded in gold. To what extent the decision will produce damage of this character, if not reversed, it is difficult to say. It opens the door to endless litigation and uncertainty. The judgment that there was no constitutional power to make the act applicable to contracts existing at the time of its passage strikes at the whole principle of the act. There were no other debts at the time except existing debts, and if they were not included in the description, "all debts" used in the act, how easy is it to go a step further, and say that the language could not have been intended to apply to those which had no existence—that is to say, to subsequent debts. Thus the act would be utterly void, and the whole business and industry of the country would have its present foundations broken up and destroyed. This peril justified the rehearing that has been had; but the greater peril of being obliged hereafter to conduct war on the basis of the precious metals, of which there is no adequate supply, or any thing like an adequate supply, constitutes the most imposing ground for satisfaction with the recent attitude of the Court. If there is no power, in the emergency of war, when the precious metals are hoarded and expelled, to make the money of the government a legal tender, the life of the nation will always be exposed. A government without the power of self-preservation ought scarcely to be called a government.

When the example of France and England—great, opulent, proud, and experienced nations—is referred to in support of the legal tender policy, the answer is that they are not governed by a written constitution. To this we say that the exercise of this power is nowhere, in terms or in effect, prohibited in our Constitution. On the contrary, by the constant and repeated practice of modern nations, it has become a recognized and an essential power in war; and it therefore follows that in granting to Congress unlimited war powers, this particular power is granted. The specific grant of power to declare war, and to raise and support armies, and to provide and maintain a navy, is followed by the authority to pass all laws which may be "necessary and proper" for the purpose; and what can be more necessary and proper than to provide this description of money when no other can be reached, and to meet foreign nations with measures like those to which they resort? War is the collection together of all the men and means at the command of a country, and directing them with skill and effect against those of the enemy. It would be folly to place limitations upon Congress in war which foreign nations do not impose upon their legislatures; and it is not the Constitution, but only the Court, peculiarly constituted for the moment and not full, which undertook to cripple the government in this manner.

If the old apothegm, that in war the laws are silent, had been changed to express the true situation in war, its language would have been that at such a time the laws of war supplant those of peace. The Constitution contains numerous proofs of this condition. It restricts Congress from suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* unless when, in times of rebellion or invasion, the public safety requires it; declares that soldiers shall not be quartered in any house in time of peace without the consent of the owner, nor in a time of war but in a manner to be prescribed by law; and that no person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of the grand jury, except in cases arising in the land and naval forces or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger—one rule for war and another and different one for peace.

These limitations upon the previous broad grant of war powers imply that the particular powers might be exercised if not forbidden. The framers of the Constitution, while on this subject of restriction, omitted to restrict as to legal tender, although the colonial governments in the war with England had frequently exercised that authority. The omission, with this recent example before them, shows that they did not intend that the war power should be shorn of a feature so necessary to success.

The omission to embrace the general government in the restrictions put upon the States is equally significant. The Constitution prohibits them from making any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts, or from passing any law impairing the obligation of contracts. The point frequently made that this, in effect, restricts the general government, is easily answered, for in the same clause they are also restricted from exercising other powers which are universally admitted to belong to the general government; and if the argument were good in the former case, it would be good in the latter; besides, it was competent for the convention to have embraced Congress in the restriction in specific terms, and it forbore to do so.

The harmony of the Constitution is complete in these respects, and it may therefore be fairly claimed that the Republican party during the war, instead of acting in violation of the Constitution under the theory that in war the laws are silent, acted within its scope in pursuance of the true theory, that the laws of war supplant many of those of peace.

VERSAILLES AND PARIS.

IN a letter to the London *Times* M. GUIZOT speaks a word for his country, from which he has been an exile for twenty-three years. He asks every body to remember that Paris had just ceased to be the citadel of the honor of all France when the present insurrection began, and that no other part of the country has seriously sympathized with the Parisian movement, but that France has remained faithful to the government which it had just established in the National Assembly. Then he says that it was only natural that the Versailles authorities should pause before attacking the capital, that Paris itself, with all France, might see the consequences of anarchy. But, having once begun the attack, he hopes and believes that the national authority will push vigorously and swiftly to a complete victory. M. GUIZOT'S object evidently is to palliate, or even to justify, the delay of the Versailles Government. The policy that he supposes, however, could hardly have been the reason of the delay in resisting the insurrection. Delay under such circumstances has but one effect. It encourages the enemies and depresses the friends of the rightful authority. M. THIERS is not a sentimentalist, and his attack was delayed, undoubtedly, because of the want of troops and of leaders, and of confidence in those that he had.

But the main fact mentioned by M. GUIZOT, that the trouble is virtually confined to Paris, is certainly significant. The contest is between Paris and France. The country is undoubtedly weary of the overshadowing centralization which has been so unquestioned that the inhabitants of Paris really suppose that they are the rightful rulers of France. In "The Besieged Resident in Paris," by Mr. H. LABOUCHERE, just published, there is as vivid a revelation of Parisian character as was ever made. It is a work of the shrewdest observation and the most penetrating humor, and is a wonderful picture of the utter folly and want of veracity which characterize the "centre of civilization." A decisive triumph of the Versailles Government, which is that of all France, will, therefore, be of the utmost importance in two ways: it will show that Paris is not France, and that the "red republic," which is but another name for the terror, is not so invincible as has been supposed. When that nightmare is laid there will be hope for France. Nor could any well-wisher to the country ask more than that, in such contest, anarchy should be represented by "General" CLUSERET.

The victory of the Versailles Government will have this further good result, that it will enable the people of France to determine their own government, instead of having it imposed upon them by Paris. The Count of Paris recently said that if he were called to the head of France, he should go over with the British Constitution in his pocket. "Then he'll soon join me here!" grimly remarked LOUIS NAPOLEON when he was told of it. M. GUIZOT tried the British Constitution in France as much as circumstances permitted; and it was M. THIERS who said—what has become the formula of the British monarchy—the king reigns, but he doesn't govern. But the essential fact in that Constitution, that the Parliament represents the really governing class, was not the fact in France, so that M. GUIZOT and his king were obliged to leave very hastily. Thus far there are no signs of any considerable number of persons in France who comprehend the republican principle, so that a republic is extremely doubtful. Those who call themselves republicans are the most despotic and intolerant of Frenchmen. Indeed, the present deplorable situation is due to their inability to understand that the first condition of a republican government is implicit respect for the national will legally declared by the majority.

"A GLAD WELCOME."

EX-GOVERNOR VANCE, of North Carolina, who was a very active rebel, and who, not having professed acquiescence in the result of the war, was therefore elected by the Democrats Senator in Congress, wrote a letter to the *Tribune* some time since, in which he said that immigrants into his State would be welcomed gladly, and would be as safe as they would be "any where on earth." In that faith, but before the letter of the ex-Governor was written, Mr. H. C. LUCE, in the winter of 1869, went with some friends and settled in Western North Carolina, near Charlotte. They established iron-works, spending, of course, a great deal of money, employed hundreds of poor whites and poorer blacks, opening up markets, and doing precisely what North Carolina needs to have done. They took no part in politics, and asked for no office, but being seven miles from any town or regular church or school, at the request of some of their colored laborers they opened a Sunday-school for both blacks and whites. Admiral WILKES'S rich plantation was near by, and he and his family were also educating the people, and built a little church, to which they invited a clergyman, who had been a rebel soldier. The colored workmen of the Admiral were attacked and whipped, their school-books and Bibles were burned, and the clergyman was warned to leave or he would be murdered.

Those who know Admiral WILKES can judge whether he was likely to permit any thing that could be considered unfairly exciting, and Mr. LUCE'S veracity is amply attested. The result of the attempt at civilization was the appearance of the Ku-Klux, and the consequent terror, scourgings, and burnings. Mr. LUCE himself was menaced with mobbing, as inciting the colored men to retaliation; and most of the Democrats in the neighborhood excused the crimes as only punishing those deserving of punishment. At last, of course, Mr. LUCE and his friends were driven away, [illegible] one of the most reasonable and promising efforts at settlement and industrial development in one of the late rebel States was violently ended, upon no plea whatever but that the laborers were peacefully instructed in schools where two things were required—that the races should not be taught together, and that politics should be excluded.

This barbarism, which is the work of Southern Democrats, and which indefinitely delays real reconstruction, is sustained by the Northern Democratic press, which sneers at the Ku-Klux as a mere hobgoblin, and denies the truth of such tales as this of Mr. LUCE. And whether the Southern Democracy intends to acquiesce in equal rights every body will judge for himself.

INTERNATIONAL INTOLERANCE.

A FEW years since an intelligent and sagacious Parsee merchant traveling in this country said, with a smile, that nothing seemed to him more outrageously impertinent than our missionary enterprises. "If I should remain among you," he said, "and denounce Christianity as a vile and hideous fable, declaring that I would teach you the only true and divine religion, you would not harm me, perhaps, but you would think me very impudent." And, indeed, nothing could be more courteous than the Parsee condescension to the Christian religion, which seemed to him a growth of yesterday. The question of the real value of missionary enterprises to those whom they are intended to affect is, indeed, always open. Sixty years ago SYDNEY SMITH, writing of British Hindoo missions, stingingly said: "Let us ask, too, if the Bible is universally diffused in Hindostan, what must be the astonishment of the natives to find that we are forbidden to rob, murder, and steal—we who, in a few years, have extended our empire from a few acres about Madras over the whole peninsula and sixty millions of people, and exemplified in our public conduct every crime of which human nature is capable!"

This sense of the impertinence of foreign protests against native convictions and customs has become so intense in China that the Government now demands of the European embassadors that schools for the education of Chinese women shall be closed, that teaching to Chinese male subjects any religion but that of CONFUCIUS shall be forbidden, that missionaries shall be considered Chinese subjects, and that no women shall enter the country as missionaries. Of course, as our missionaries teach in China by the express permission of treaties, the present conduct of the Government is a direct violation of an agreement, and a very serious question immediately arises. Our missionaries have the right to persist in their work, and it will be the duty of the Government to protect them if they are attacked. But it would be a very ungracious business to fight other people because they have decided that they would rather not listen to our preaching. For we do not claim to preach in China upon the general ground that we have a right to teach any body and every body who wishes to be taught, but only because of the permission of the Government.

But if this action of the Chinese Government seems to us barbarous, we must, nevertheless, be tolerant, because in the very papers which announced the fact we read on the same day that the American General Council of Crispins resolved to resist the immigration into this country of Chinese laborers, not preachers, with every legal weapon, in order "to procure its final destruction, if possible." If there be such warmth of feeling in Christian America against mere industrial rivalry, we certainly need not go into heroics over the hostility of Confucian China to religious rivalry; for the religious sentiment is the most precious and vital of all. However, riots in America against the Chinese and massacres in China of Americans are not to be tolerated; and if the Chinese Government did not wish foreigners to settle, trade, and teach in China, it should have refused its permission. Having granted it, the permission can not be summarily revoked at will. But a survey of the facts may remind us that intolerance is not all upon one side.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

BY JOHN JONES, A.M.

As I reach the top of the stately staircase and, stopping to look around, see pictures in every direction, my first feeling is of the industry and hope and generous aim which they all represent. In fancy I see scores of men and women who have patiently consecrated their youth, their prime, and all their faculties to the service of art. I see the small studio, the frugal living, the constant sacrifice, the unwearied fidelity, the noble endeavor, which make the life of the artist certainly as honorable as that of any man. And the pictures which I am about to see are not the works of a year, therefore, but the fruit of whole lives; and how many of us who are about to criticise them really understand the conditions and limitations of art, or have any other standard than our own impressions of the appearance of objects? Here, for instance, I meet my friend Slasher just sharpening his tomahawk—that is to say, his pencil—and I say to him, "You were among the White Mountains last summer?" "Yes." "And you saw the Notch?" "Of course." "Will you describe it?" After he has spoken ten words, I see that he has not really observed the landscape, and I know therefore perfectly well that he can not tell whether my picture of it is good or not. Yet I remark that Slasher writes in all the papers.

If his friendly eye happens to fall upon these lines, I know what he will say. He will ask, "If you are going to be spooney and mealy-mouthed about the pictures, how can we ever expect to have art in America? If you are afraid to tell the truth, if you are afraid to say boldly that Boggs's daubs are worse than ever, that Coggs's show that his darkness of ignorance is, if possible, more Cimmerian, and that Doggs's devotion to the namby-pamby is an insult to all sensible spectators, how shall we ever hope to encourage the development of genius and of true art? Look at all this timid conventionality upon the walls, this poverty of invention, this shallow sentimentality. How nice, and how pretty! Yes, but, great Heavens! Mr. Jones, was RAPHAEL nice, was TITIAN pretty? Go to the Vatican, thou honey-pot! Learn of the Stanze, and be wise."

Well, but, Slasher, I take pleasure in many verses which are not Miltonic nor Shakespearean, but which are, nevertheless, as genuine as their mightiest line. Here, for instance, is BOUGHTON'S "Last Rose of Summer," that little picture near PAGE'S head of Christ. That seems to me an honest, solid, tender, lovely little work. The sentiment is simple and sincere: pensive, not tragical, but of a very wholesome melancholy. I confess it is a little sermon. "We all do fade as a leaf." I think that I shall remember it as I remember TENNYSON'S "Break! break! break!" I believe that I shall perhaps be the better for it. I praise it, and I heartily commend it to the thoughtful attention of every visitor. There are evidently a great many things which it is not. There are many excellences in painting which are not here. But if there were nothing else in the gallery, this justifies the Exhibition. To tell you the truth, there is, it seems to me, less felicity of manipulation than in many of the costly pictures of the Frenchmen which are now so sought—so fashionable, I may say—but it says more than most of the MEISSONIERS and FICHELS and GÉROMES with which I am acquainted. Now the first fair demand upon a picture is that it shall say something, as the highest demand is that it shall say some great thing well. I hope, therefore, that as this says something, I am not fostering the namby-pamby nor endangering the development of American art by praising it.

And near by is the remarkable head of Christ by Mr. PAGE. There was never a picture more generally and even vehemently condemned. But I confess that when some good friend asks me if I have seen this or that intolerable rubbish of BROWNING'S which he calls a poem, I reflect that the same question has been asked about some of his finest works; and as nobody doubts that BROWNING is a poet of the most masculine genius, if I read a poem of his which I do not understand, I refrain from calling it rubbish. Perhaps the poet understands it if I do not. While, as I just said, we fairly demand of a picture that it shall say something, we must also concede that it is possible to be conscious that something is really said, although not understood. If there is the unmeaningness of nonsense, there is also obscurity of thought. Read, for instance, EMERSON'S song of Nature,

> "Twice have I moulded an image,
> Thrice outstretched my hand,
> Made one of the day, and one of the night,
> And one of the salt-sea sand."

The meaning is far from clear. It will seem to some, perhaps, nonsense. But does EMERSON write nonsense?

And when I look at this picture, and think of the painter—his genius, his skill, his clear conception, the masterly works of his that I know—I say instinctively I do not understand it; but does PAGE paint nonsense? Talent, like character, stays summary judgment. If a combination of circumstances should seem to convict Mr. PETER COOPER of picking Mr. STEWART'S pocket, I should not think Mr. COOPER a thief. His character would forbid the supposition. There would be some explanation. And so with this picture: I decline to think it absurd until I understand more about it. Slasher declares that it is monstrous, meaningless, and ridiculous. I remember what used to be said about TURNER; but he was neither unmeaning nor ridiculous for all that. Very possibly, indeed, it would appear, upon consideration and investigation, that this picture fails to express the painter's thought. But in the case of a man like Mr. PAGE I am more desirous of ascertaining what he meant than eager to declare that he has not adequately expressed his meaning. As I look at the picture I find in it much more of Antinous than of Christ, and of Antinous without his beauty.

In Mr. PAGE'S portrait of WENDELL PHILLIPS there are a striking likeness, masterly modeling, the most elaborate finish, without sacrifice of breadth and force and firmness, and yet I was obliged to go close to the canvas to assure myself that the head was not less than life-size; and I still can not escape the feeling that it is Mr. PHILLIPS looking out of a hole—an effect produced, I suppose, by the mere mechanical accessories. Besides, it is not an imaginative portrait; and to a truly great portrait imagination is as essential as to a great poem. And here—

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was held on the 18th of April last in the rooms of the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, and continued in session four days. A number of interesting communications were presented by eminent savans, abstracts of some of which we hope, in time, to lay before our readers. A report was presented by the treasurer of the Academy in regard to the BACHE bequest, in which it was stated that its present value was about $41,000, invested at six per cent., and bringing an income of about $2400 a year. It may be remembered by some of our readers that Professor A. D. BACHE, the late head of the Coast Survey, left his property in trust to the National Academy of Sciences, after the death of Mrs. BACHE, for purposes connected with the advance of science, appointing as special trustees Professor AGASSIZ, Professor PEIRCE, and Professor HENRY. The precise disposition of this fund has not yet been determined upon, the bequest having fallen too recently into the hands of the society to make it necessary to come at once to a conclusion.

We learn that Messrs. HUTCHINSON, KOHL, & Co., of San Francisco, have purchased all the trading posts and goods stations for vessels of the Russian American Company in Alaska and on the Russian Asiatic coast and islands. According to the New York *Tribune* they have contracted with the Russian government to supply the inhabitants of the Kurile Islands, and some others, with provisions and medicines from January next—all of which have hitherto been furnished by shipping from St. Petersburg. They have also leased the Commander Islands, constituting that portion of the Aleutian chain retained by Russia under the late treaty, securing them for a period of ten years. This gives them the entire control of the fur-seal trade of the North Pacific, as the fur-seal has, it is said, shown some symptoms of leaving the Pribylov Islands (St. Paul and St. George), in which event they will probably betake themselves to Behring and Copper islands, forming the Commander group.

Reference was made some time ago, under the head of "Explorations in Florida," to the presence in that State during the past winter of Dr. WILLIAM STIMPSON, the well-known naturalist, and Secretary of the Chicago Academy of Sciences. This enterprise deserves more than a passing notice, in consequence of its magnitude, and the thorough nature of the examination made of the marine fauna of the Southern coast. The work was instituted in the interest of the Academy of Sciences of Chicago, and the funds supplied by the liberality of Mr. BLATCHFORD, of that city, who accompanied the expedition and did all in his power to make it a success. A fast-sailing schooner, with three boats and seven men, was engaged at Key West, and the work began about the middle of February. The entire length of the Florida Reef, and the keys from Cape Florida to the Tortugas, a distance of two hundred miles, were thoroughly examined, and dredging was prosecuted both in the reef channel and in the Gulf Stream outside. A large collection of fishes was made, including some new species, and over fifty species of shells were found not hitherto reported from the Florida coast, although known in the adjacent West Indian seas. Large numbers, however, of entirely new species, both of mollusks and other invertebrates, were collected, which will be worked out and published at an early day. The total amount of collections made filled sixty-two barrels and boxes, weighing about three tons. The alcoholic series would have been much larger but for the high price of alcohol at Key West. The collections thus made by Mr. BLATCHFORD and Dr. STIMPSON will add greatly to the already rich cabinet of the Chicago Academy of Sciences—an institution which has assumed a high rank among sister establishments. The Academy is the fortunate possessor of several nearly complete skeletons of the mastodon, and has just obtained one of an Indian elephant that died not long since in the vicinity of Chicago.

The Governor of Virginia has recently appointed Dr. W. B. BALL, of Midlothian, and Dr. A. WALL, of Winchester, Commissioners of Fisheries for the State under the act of the Legislature authorizing the commission.

Professor THEODORE MEYNERT, in a late number of the Memoirs of the Anthropological Society of Vienna, presents an elaborate discussion of the differences in the structure of the brain of man from that of the other mammalia. His remarks are too technical for our columns, but the general conclusion arrived at is that differences exist which are of a fundamental character, and by which even the most closely allied anthropoid apes can be distinguished from man.

The death of Professor AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, one of the most eminent mathematicians of the day, is announced as having taken place in London a few weeks ago.

The ship *Onward* arrived at New Bedford a few days ago, and her captain—PULVER—reports passing Sunday Island on the passage from Honolulu, and states that the volcano near by, referred to in a previous number of Scientific Intelligence, was at that time three miles long, and from three to four hundred feet high. The sulphurous vapors extended around to a distance of three or four miles. He thinks that when the volcano becomes quiet there will be a good harbor between it and the main-land, where before there has been only an open roadstead. The island is in latitude 29° south, and in longitude 178° west. The statement of Captain PULVER, according to the New Bedford *Standard*, is corroborated by other witnesses.

An interesting article appeared lately in the Chicago *Times* in regard to the game trade of that city. This contained an elaborate account of the different kinds of game, both flesh and fowl, brought into Chicago, with the names of the dealers, and the statement of the receipts and sales. According to this article, there have been two new features of the market of that city in the past season. First, the shipment of a great many grouse and quail direct to England, where they arrive in about eighteen or twenty days, and where they brought good prices; second, the canning of prairie-chickens, which has been done to the extent of three hundred dozen on one single Baltimore order. The cans are made large enough to hold a single bird and the gravy; and the experiment was so successful that it is thought probable it will be continued on a large scale in the coming season. The names of about seventy firms are mentioned as the larger dealers in game, while those of the smaller ones are not enumerated. The following recapitulation of the principal varieties of game, and the aggregate number, weight, and average cost, and the sum total of the proceeds, will be scanned with interest by our readers:

Articles.	Number.	Average Cost.	Amount.
Buffalo, lbs.	160,000	$ 07	$11,200
Antelope, lbs.	94,300	10	9,430
Venison, lbs.	109,350	10	10,935
Bear, lbs.	7,700	08	616
Grouse, doz.	42,800	3 50	149,800
Quail, doz.	88,595	2 00	117,190
Ducks, doz.	63,840	3 00	191,520
Geese	4,650	80	3,720
Brant	1,990	40	793
Partridges, doz.	104	4 00	416
Snipe, doz.	1,120	2 00	2,240
Woodcock, doz.	100	2 00	200
Pigeons, doz.	33,333	1 25	41,666
Turkeys	1,532	2 00	3,064
Rabbits, doz.	15,362	1 00	13,360
Squirrels, doz.	300	60	180
Total..........	......	......	$556,330

The cattle disease continues to spread throughout South America, all efforts to resist its progress having been unavailing. At the present time it is very prevalent in the Southern provinces of Chili, and in the adjacent country.

Late advices from Vienna announce the death, at an advanced age, of the Chevalier HAIDINGER, so well known for his connection with various scientific establishments in that city, and especially with the *Geologische Reichsanstalt*, of which he was for many years the head. Among objects of special interest to him were meteorites, of which he succeeded in amassing a large collection for the National Mineralogical Museum.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IT is reported that the Joint High Commission have agreed upon the general principles of a settlement, though the plan has not yet acquired definite form. The fisheries, the navigation of the ship-canals, and the River St. Lawrence are said to have been considered as separate questions, but all will be embraced in one treaty, including the *Alabama* claims, to be submitted to the Senate at the extra session.

The city of New Orleans has been threatened by a dangerous crevasse in the Mississippi at Bonnet Carré, a few miles above. At one time it was feared the city would be submerged by the waters, which had forced a breach in the levee 700 feet wide, and poured over the surrounding country with frightful velocity. Fortunately it found an outlet into Lake Pontchartrain, and the danger to the city was averted. The crevasse can not be repaired until the river falls.

Mrs. Fair has been convicted at San Francisco of the murder of Colonel Crittenden. Her counsel obtained a month's time to prepare an application for a new trial, they having reserved about forty exceptions to the rulings of the court.

Mr. Coleman, whose suit against the New Haven Railroad for a brutal assault in ejecting him from the train is somewhat familiar to the public, is about entering upon the fourth suit—a new trial having been granted to the road, which had been held to damages. In this case, as we understand, there is no personal animosity, but Mr. Coleman represents the public, and the railroad can not agree to surrender the right to enforce its regulations at any cost. Mr. Coleman has obtained damages upon the ground of unreasonable violence. The conductor called three or four brakemen to his assistance, and they put Mr. Coleman out, attempting to break his head upon the way. The case will be immediately tried.

On the 27th of April a train on the New Jersey Central Railroad struck one of Barnum's circus wagons, near Cranford, killing three men outright and dangerously injuring two others, while a sixth was slightly injured. All belonged to the circus. The wagon was totally demolished. Two mules were carried over two hundred feet and left dead in a heap. The driver's body was found seventy-five yards from the crossing.

The entire community of New York has been greatly excited and shocked by the murder of an estimable citizen, Mr. Avery D. Putnam, by a desperado named William Foster. It appears that Mr. Putnam interfered with the scoundrel while insulting two ladies riding in one of the Broadway cars in company with Mr. Putnam. Foster waited until the unfortunate gentleman's back was turned in assisting the ladies to alight, when he struck his victim a terrific blow on the side of the head with the driver's iron hook, which crushed in the skull, causing his death in a few hours. It is satisfactory to know that both Foster and the car-driver were arrested the same night, and will probably be dealt with as summarily and condignly as the outraged feelings of the people loudly demand.

The Hon. James M. Mason, formerly United States Senator from Virginia, and subsequently rebel Commissioner in Europe, died on 28th April at his residence near Alexandria, Virginia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT excitement was occasioned throughout England by an attempt by the government to lay a tax on friction matches. A popular demonstration against the impost was prevented by the police; but the government, in view of the opposition, consented to withdraw the item. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the 25th of April, telegraphed to General Pleasonton for information relating to the working of the tax on friction matches, and received the intelligence that the tax works well here, and realizes to the Treasury $2,000,000 annually.

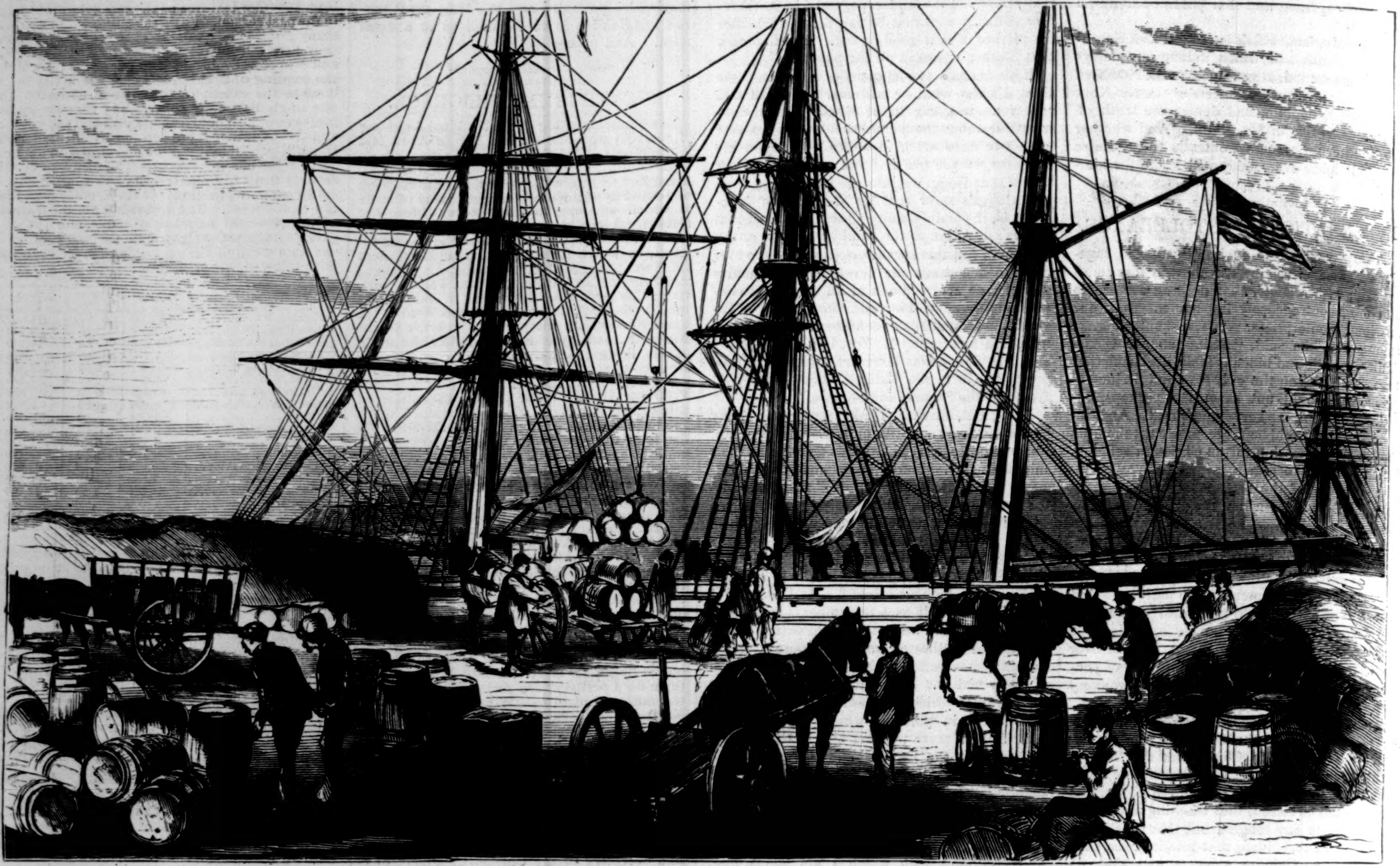
The English ministry had a majority of 101 against them on a motion to take a portion of the royal forest of Epping, near London, for a public park—Mr. Gladstone opposing any such interference with the royal domains.

The situation in Paris remains unchanged. Several sharp encounters have taken place, but without any decided result. The Communists complain that their opponents employ Prussian guns and mitrailleuses. The railway companies have paid up the assessments demanded, excepting the Western Company, which, it is stated, will be sequestrated. General Cluseret has issued a decree dividing the army of the Commune into two corps—one for the external defense of Paris, commanded by Dombrowski, the other, for internal defense, by General La Cecilia.

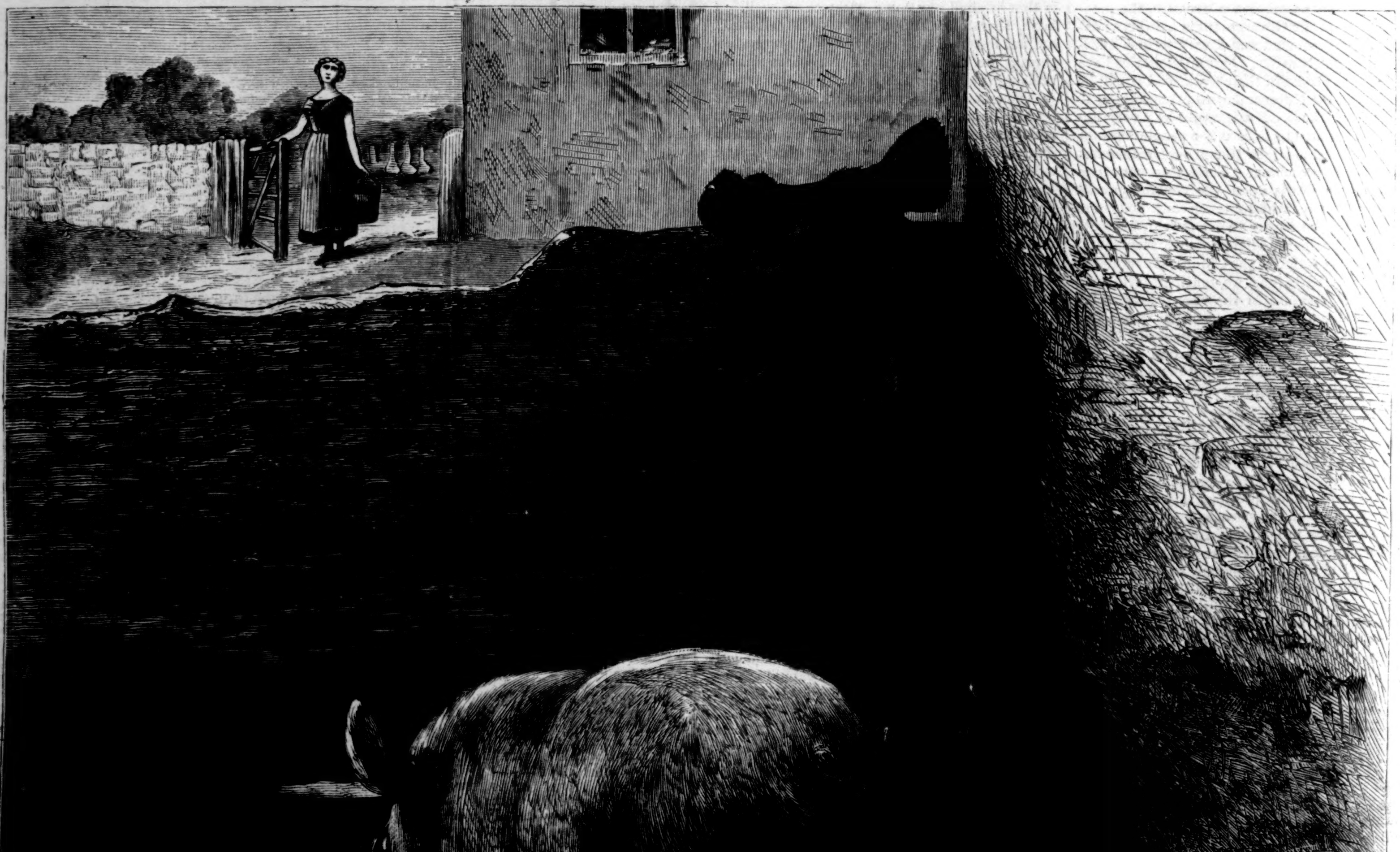
The Italian Minister of Justice has announced in the Chamber of Deputies a bill for the separation of church and state.

The King of Bavaria has written a letter to Dr. Döllinger deploring his excommunication.

Sigismund Thalberg, the eminent pianist, is dead. He was fifty-nine years of age.



RELIEF FOR FRANCE—Mr. A. T. STEWART'S BARK AT HAVRE.—[See Page 431.]

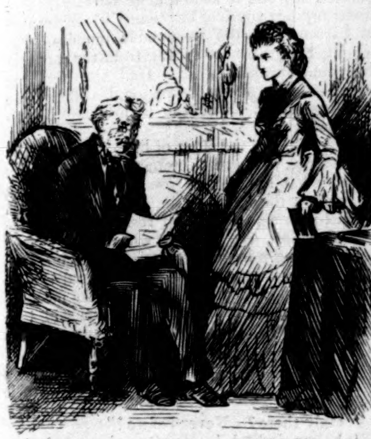


EXPECTATION.—[See Page 431.]

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.



"THERE SHE FOUND MR. OLDFIELD, AND SHOWED HIM THE ANONYMOUS LETTER."

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

With this bitter reply Wheeler retired precipitately; the shaft pierced but one bosom; for the devoted wife, with the swift ingenuity of woman's love, had put both her hands right over her husband's ears that he might hear no more insults.

Sir Charles very nearly had a fit; but his wife loosened his neckcloth, caressed his throbbing head, and applied eau-de-Cologne to his nostrils. He got better, but felt dizzy for about an hour. She made him come into her room and lie down; she hung over him, curling as a vine and light as a bird, and her kisses lit softly as down upon his eyes, and her words of love and pity murmured music in his ears till he slept, and that danger passed.

For a day or two after this both Sir Charles and Lady Bassett avoided the unpleasant subject. But it had to be faced; so Mr. Oldfield was summoned to Huntercombe, and all engagements given up for the day, that he might dine alone with them and talk the matter over.

Sir Charles thought he could justify; but when it came to the point he could only prove that Richard had done several ungentlemanlike things of a nature a stout jury would consider trifles.

Mr. Oldfield said of course they must enter an appearance; and, this done, the wisest course would be to let him see Wheeler, and try to compromise the suit. "It will cost you a thousand pounds, Sir Charles, I dare say; but if it teaches you never to write of an enemy or to an enemy without showing your lawyer the letter first, the lesson will be cheap. Somebody in the Bible says, 'Oh that mine enemy would write a book!' I say, 'Oh that he would write a letter—without consulting his solicitor.'"

It was Lady Bassett's cue now to make light of troubles. "What does it matter, Mr. Oldfield? All they want is money. Yes, offer them a thousand pounds to leave him in peace."

So next day Mr. Oldfield called on Wheeler, all smiles and civility, and asked him if he did not think it a pity cousins should quarrel before the whole county.

"A great pity," said Wheeler. "But my client has no alternative. No gentleman in the county would speak to him if he sat quiet under such contumely."

After beating about the bush the usual time, Oldfield said that Sir Charles was hungry for litigation, but that Lady Bassett was averse to it. "In short, Mr. Wheeler, I will try and get Mr. Bassett a thousand pounds to forego this scandal."

"I will consult him, and let you know," said Wheeler. "He happens to be in the town."

Oldfield called again in an hour. Wheeler told him a thousand pounds would be accepted, with a written apology.

Oldfield shook his head. "Sir Charles will never write an apology: right or wrong, he is too sincere in his conviction."

"He will never get a jury to share it."

"You must not be too sure of that. You don't know the defense."

Oldfield said this with a gravity which did him credit.

"Do you know it yourself?" said the other keen hand.

Mr. Oldfield smiled haughtily, but said nothing. Wheeler had hit the mark.

"By-the-bye," said the latter, "there is another little matter. Sir Charles assaulted me for doing my duty to my client. I mean to sue him. Here is the writ; will you accept service?"

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Wheeler: and I am glad to find you do not make a habit of serving writs on gentlemen in person."

"Of course not. I did it on a single occasion, contrary to my own wish, and went in person—to soften the blow—instead of sending my clerk."

After this little spar, the two artists in law bade each other farewell with every demonstration of civility.

Sir Charles would not apologize.

The plaintiff filed his declaration.

The defendant pleaded not guilty, but did not disclose a defense. The law allows a defendant in libel this advantage.

Plaintiff joined issue, and the trial was set down for the next assizes.

Sir Charles was irritated, but nothing more. Lady Bassett, with a woman's natural shrinking from publicity, felt it more deeply. She would have given thousands of her own money to keep the matter out of court. But her very terror of Richard Bassett restrained her. She was always thinking about him, and had convinced herself he was the ablest villain in the wide world; and she thought to herself, "If, with his small means, he annoys Charles so, what would he do if I were to enrich him? He would crush us."

As the trial drew near she began to hover about Sir Charles in his study, like an anxious hen. The maternal yearnings were awakened in her by marriage, and she had no child; so her Charles in trouble was husband and child.

Sometimes she would come in and just kiss his forehead, and run out again, casting back a celestial look of love at the door, and, though it was her husband she had kissed, she blushed divinely. At last one day she crept in and said, very timidly, "Charles dear, the anonymous letter—is not that an excuse for libeling him—as they call telling the truth?"

"Why, of course it is. Have you got it?"

"Dearest, the brave lady took it away."

"The brave lady! Who is that?"

"Why, the lady that came with Mr. Oldfield and pleaded your cause with papa—oh, so eloquently! Sometimes when I think of it now I feel almost jealous. Who is she?"

"From what you have always told me, I think it was the Sister of Charity who nursed me."

"You silly thing, she was no Sister of Charity; that was only put on. Charles, tell me the truth. What does it matter *now?* It was some lady who loved you."

"Loved me, and set her wits to work to marry me to you?"

"Women's love is so disinterested—sometimes."

"No, no; she told me she was a sister of ——, and no doubt that is the truth."

"A sister of whom?"

"No matter: don't remind me of the past; it is odious to me; and, on second thoughts, rather than stir up all that mud, it would be better not to use the anonymous letter, even if you could get it again."

Lady Bassett begged him to take advice on that; meantime she would try to get the letter, and also the evidence that Richard Bassett wrote it.

"I see no harm in that," said Sir Charles; "only confine your communication to Mr. Oldfield. I will not have you speaking or writing to a woman I don't know; and the more I think of her conduct the less I understand it."

"There are people who do good by stealth," suggested Bella, timidly.

"Fiddlededee!" replied Sir Charles; "you are a goose—I mean an angel."

Lady Bassett complied with the letter, but, goose or not, evaded the spirit of Sir Charles's command with considerable dexterity.

"Dear Mr. Oldfield,—*You may guess what trouble I am in. Sir Charles will soon have to appear in open court, and be talked against by some great orator. That anonymous letter Mr. Bassett wrote me was very base, and is surely some justification of the violent epithets my dear husband, in an unhappy moment of irritation, has applied to him. The brave lady has it. I am sure she will not refuse to send it me. I wish I dare ask her to give it me with her own hand; but I must not, I suppose. Pray tell her how unhappy I am, and perhaps she will favor us with a word of advice as well as the letter.*

"*I remain, yours faithfully,*

"Bella Bassett."

This letter was written *at* the brave lady; and Mr. Oldfield did what was expected, he sent Miss Somerset a copy of Lady Bassett's letter, and some lines in his own hand, describing Sir Charles's difficulty in a more business-like way.

In due course Miss Somerset wrote him back that she was in the country, hunting, at no very great distance from Huntercombe Hall; she would send up to town for her desk; the letter would be there, if she had kept it at all.

Oldfield groaned at this cool conjecture, and wrote back directly, urging expedition.

This produced an effect that he had not anticipated.

One morning Lord Harrowdale's fox-hounds met at a large covert, about five miles from Huntercombe, and Sir Charles told Lady Bassett she must ride to cover.

"Yes, dear. Charles love, I have no spirit to appear in public. We shall soon have publicity enough."

"That is my reason. I have not done nor said any thing I am ashamed of, and you will meet the county on this and on every public occasion."

"I obey," said Bella.

"And look your best."

"I will, dearest."

"And be in good spirits."

"Must I?"

"Yes."

"I will try. Oh!—oh!—oh!"

"Why, you poor-spirited little goose! Dry your eyes this moment."

"There. Oh!"

"And kiss me."

"There. Ah! kissing you is a great comfort."

"It is one you are particularly welcome to. Now run away, and put on your habit. I'll have two grooms out; one with a fresh horse for me, and one to look after you."

"Oh, Charles! Pray don't make me hunt."

"No, no. Not so tyrannical as that; hang it all!"

"Do you know what I do while you are hunting? I pray all the time that you may not get a fall and be hurt; and I pray God to forgive you and all the gentlemen for your cruelty in galloping with all those dogs after one poor little inoffensive thing, to hunt it and kill it—kill it twice, indeed; once with terror, and then over again with mangling its poor little body."

"This is cheerful," said Sir Charles, rather ruefully. "We can not all be angels, like you. It is a glorious excitement. There! you are too good for this world; I'll let you off going."

"Oh no, dear. I won't be let off, now I know your wish. Only I beg to ride home as soon as the poor thing runs away. You wouldn't get me out of the thick covers if I were a fox. I'd run round and round, and call on all my acquaintances to set them running."

As she said this her eyes turned toward each other in a peculiar way, and she looked extremely foxy; but the look melted away directly.

The hounds met, and Lady Bassett, who was still the beauty of the county, was surrounded by riders at first; but as the hounds began to work, and every now and then a young hound uttered a note, they cantered about, and took up different posts, as experience suggested.

At last a fox was found at the other end of the cover, and away galloped the hunters in that direction, all but four persons, Lady Bassett, and her groom, who kept respectfully aloof, and a lady and gentleman who had reined their horses up on a rising ground about a furlong distant.

Lady Bassett, thus left alone, happened to look round, and saw the lady level an opera-glass toward her and look through it.

As a result of this inspection the lady cantered toward her. She was on a chestnut gelding of great height and bone, and rode him as if they were one, so smoothly did she move in concert with his easy, magnificent strides.

When she came near Lady Bassett she made a little sweep and drew up beside her on the grass.

There was no mistaking that tall figure and commanding face. It was the brave lady. Her eyes sparkled; her cheek was slightly colored with excitement; she looked healthier and handsomer than ever, and also more feminine, for a reason the sagacious reader may perhaps discern if he attends to the dialogue.

"*So,*" said she, without bowing or any other ceremony, "that little rascal is troubling you again."

Lady Bassett colored and panted, and looked lovingly at her, before she could speak. At last she said, "Yes; and you have come to help us again."

"Well, the lawyer said there was no time to lose; so I have brought you the anonymous letter."

"Oh, thank you, madam, thank you."

"But I'm afraid it will be of no use unless you can prove Mr. Bassett wrote it. It is in a disguised hand."

"But you found him out by means of another letter."

"Yes; but I can't give you that other letter to have it read in a court of law, because— Do you see that gentleman there?"

"Yes."

"That is Marsh."

"Oh, is it?"

"He is a fool; but I am going to marry him. I have been very ill since I saw you, and poor Marsh nursed me. Talk of women nurses! If ever you are ill in earnest, as I was, write to me, and I'll send you Marsh. Oh, I have no words to tell you his patience, his forbearance, his watchfulness, his tenderness to a sick woman. It is no use—I must marry him; and I could have no letter published that would give him pain."

"Of course not. Oh, madam, do you think I am capable of doing any thing that would give you pain, or dear Mr. Marsh either?"

"No, no; you are a good woman."

"Not half so good as you are."

"You don't know what you are saying."

"Oh yes, I do."

"Then I say no more; it is rude to contradict. Good-by, Lady Bassett."

"Must you leave me so soon? Will you not visit us? May I not know the name of so good a friend?"

"Next week I shall be *Mrs. Marsh.*"

"And you will give me the great pleasure of having you at my house—you and your husband?"

The lady showed some agitation at this—an unusual thing for her. She faltered: "Some day, perhaps, if I make him as good a wife as I hope to. What a lady you are! Vulgar people are ashamed to be grateful; but you are a born lady. Good-by, before I make a fool of myself; and they are all coming this way, by the dogs' music."

"Won't you kiss me, after bringing me this?"

"Kiss you?" and she opened her eyes.

"If you please," said Lady Bassett, bending toward her, with eyes full of gratitude and tenderness.

Then the other woman took her by the shoulders, and plunged her great gray orbs into Bella's.

They kissed each other.

At that contact the stranger seemed to change her character all in a moment. She strained Bella to her bosom and kissed her passionately, and sobbed out wildly, "O God! you are good to sinners. This is the happiest hour of my life—it is a forerunner. Bless you, sweet dove of innocence! You will be none the worse, and I am all the better— Ah! Sir Charles. Not one word about me to him."

And with these words, uttered with sudden energy, she spurred her great horse, leaped the ditch, and burst through the dead hedge into the wood, and winded out of sight among the trees.

Sir Charles came up astonished. "Why, who was that?"

Bella's eyes began to rove, as I have before described; but she replied pretty promptly, "The brave lady herself; she brought me the anonymous letter for your defense."

"Why, how came she to know about it?"

"She did not tell me that. She was in a great hurry. Her fiancé was waiting for her."

"Was it necessary to kiss her in the hunting-field?" said Sir Charles, with something very like a frown.

"I'd kiss the whole field, grooms and all, if they did you a great service, as that dear lady has," said Bella. The words were brave, but the accent piteous.

"You are excited, Bella. You had better ride home," said Sir Charles, gently enough, but moodily.

"Thank you, Charles," said Bella, glad to escape further examination about this mysterious lady. She rode home accordingly. There she found Mr. Oldfield, and showed him the anonymous letter.

He read it, and said it was a defense, but a disagreeable one. "Suppose he says he wrote it, and the facts were true?"

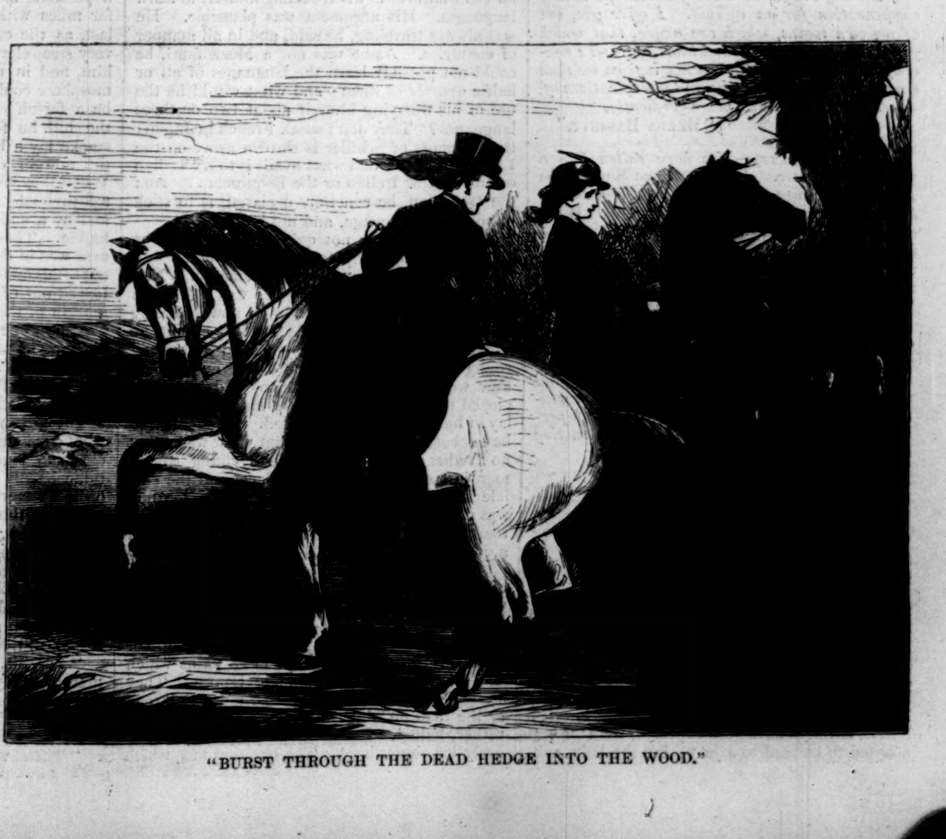
"But I don't think he will confess it. He is not a gentleman. He is very untruthful. Can we not make this a trap to catch him, Sir? *He* has no scruples."

Oldfield looked at her in some surprise at her depth.

"We must get hold of his handwriting," said he. "We must ransack the local banks; find his correspondents."

"Leave all that to me," said Lady Bassett, in a low voice.

Mr. Oldfield thought he might as well please



"BURST THROUGH THE DEAD HEDGE INTO THE WOOD."

a beautiful and loving woman, if he could; so he gave her something to do for her husband. "Very well; collect all the materials of comparison you can—letters, receipts, etc. Meantime I will retain the two principal experts in London, and we will submit your materials to them the night before the trial."

Lady Bassett, thus instructed, drove to all the banks, but found no clerk acquainted with Mr. Bassett's handwriting. He did not bank with any body in the county.

She called on several persons she thought likely to possess letters or other writings of Richard Bassett. Not a scrap.

Then she began to fear. The case looked desperate.

Then she began to think. And she thought very hard indeed, especially at night.

In the dead of night she had an idea. She got up, and stole from her husband's side, and studied the anonymous letter.

Next day, she sat down, with the anonymous letter on her desk, and blushed, and trembled, and looked about like some wild animal scared. She selected from the anonymous letter several words—"character, abused, Sir, Charles, Bassett, lady, abandoned, friend, whether, ten, slanderer," etc.—and wrote them on a slip of paper. Then she locked up the anonymous letter. Then she locked the door. Then she sat down to a sheet of paper, and, after some more wild and furtive glances all around, she gave her whole mind to writing a letter.

And to whom did she write, think you?

To Richard Bassett.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

"MR. BASSETT,—*I am sure both yourself and my husband will suffer in public estimation, unless some friend comes between you, and this unhappy lawsuit is given up.*

"*Do not think me blind nor presumptuous; Sir Charles, when he wrote that letter, had reason to believe you had done him a deep injury by unfair means. Many will share that opinion if this cause is tried. You are his cousin, and his heir at law. I dread to see an unhappy feud inflamed by a public trial. Is there no personal sacrifice by which I can compensate the affront you have received, without compromising Sir Charles Bassett's veracity, who is the soul of honor?*

"*I am, yours obediently,*

"BELLA BASSETT."

She posted this letter, and Richard Bassett had no sooner received it than he mounted his horse and rode to Wheeler's with it.

That worthy's eyes sparkled. "Capital!" said he. "We must draw her on, and write an answer that will read well in court."

He concocted an epistle just the opposite of what Richard Bassett, left to himself, would have written. Bassett copied, and sent it as his own.

"LADY BASSETT,—*I thank you for writing to me at this moment, when I am weighed down by slander. Your own character stands so high that you would not deign to write to me if you believed the abuse that has been lavished on me. With you I deplore this family feud. It is not of my seeking; and as for this lawsuit, it is one in which the Plaintiff is really the Defendant. Sir Charles has written a defamatory letter, which has closed every house in this county to his victim. If, as I now feel sure, you disapprove the libel, pray persuade him to retract it. The rest our lawyers can settle.*

"*Yours very respectfully,*

"RICHARD BASSETT."

When Lady Bassett read this, she saw she had an adroit opponent. Yet she wrote again:

"MR. BASSETT,—*There are limits to my influence with Sir Charles. I have no power to make him say one word against his convictions.*

"*But my lawyer tells me you seek pecuniary compensation for an affront. I offer you, out of my own means, which are ample, that which you seek—offer it freely and heartily; and I honestly think you had better receive it from me than expose yourself to the risks and mortifications of a public trial. I am, yours obediently,*

"BELLA BASSETT."

"LADY BASSETT,—*You have fallen into a very natural error. It is true I sue Sir Charles Bassett for money; but that is only because the law allows me my remedy in no other form. What really brings me into court is the defense of my injured honor. How do you meet me? You say, virtually, 'Never mind your character: here is money.' Permit me to decline it on such terms.*

"*A public insult can not be cured in private.*

"*Strong in my innocence, and my wrongs, I court what you call the risks of a public trial.*

"*Whatever the result, you have played the honorable and womanly part of peace-maker; and it is unfortunate for your husband that your gentle influence is limited by his vanity, which perseveres in a cruel slander, instead of retracting it while there is yet time.*

"*I am, madam, yours obediently,*

"RICHARD BASSETT."

"MR. BASSETT,—*I retire from a correspondence which appears to be useless, and might, if prolonged, draw some bitter remark from me, as it has from you.*

"*After the trial, which you court and I deprecate, you will perhaps review my letters with a more friendly eye.*

"*I am, yours obediently,*

"BELLA BASSETT."

In this fencing-match between a lawyer and a lady, each gained an advantage. The lawyer's letters, as might have been expected, were the best adapted to be read to a jury; but the lady, subtler in her way, obtained, at a small sacrifice, what she wanted, and that without raising the slightest suspicion of her true motive in the correspondence.

She announced her success to Mr. Oldfield; but, in the midst of it, she quaked with terror at the thought of what Sir Charles would say to her for writing to Mr. Bassett at all.

She now, with the changeableness of her sex, hoped and prayed Mr. Bassett would admit the anonymous letter, and so all her subtlety and pains prove superfluous.

Quaking secretly, but with a lovely face and serene front, she took her place at the assizes, before the judge, and got as near him as she could.

The court was crowded, and many ladies present.

Bassett v. *Bassett* was called in a loud voice; there was a hum of excitement, then a silence of expectation, and the plaintiff's counsel rose to address the jury.

THE LADY OF THE NORWAY LAKE.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

TRAVELING in Norway is even still not much like traveling in any other country supposed to be civilized; and at the time young Adrian Fyfe was making his way into the interior of the country, now several years ago, it was still more *outré* than at present, when the current of fashionable holiday-making begins to set that way, and threatens to make the wildest gorge of the Norse mountains as familiar to the cockney, the Frenchwoman, and the American as Chamouni or Zermatt. Adrian Fyfe was a young New Englander, of late residing in New York, skilled in mines and their engineering; and he had come all the way to "Noroway o'er the faem" for the purpose of "prospecting," if one may use that word, in the interest of a company of enterprising speculators anxious to risk their money on Norse minerals. Through the interior of Norway the traveler journeys along in a light, small carriage called a cariole, which is only adapted practically to carry one person, although your guide, a servant, or driver does actually have a sort of place to cling on to, and, holding by his eyelids, may thus accompany you on your way. It is a pleasant mode of traveling enough for the tourist who is hardy, can rough it a little, and can enjoy bright, bracing air, magnificent scenery, and for hours together almost unbroken solitude. At certain distances along every highway are what may be called stations—that is to say, houses, very often farm-houses—where relays of horses are supplied to the passing traveler. Adrian Fyfe was spinning along very briskly this day we speak of. The weather was fine; the air was delicious; the road ran by roaring streams and cascades, under the shadows of mountains, less huge indeed than the Alps, but hardly less picturesque. He smoked his meerschaum; kept his eyes and his mind open for observation and enjoyment, and was, indeed, very happy. Adrian Fyfe was one of those fortunate people to whom the mere sense of existence, and rapid motion in a clear air, are all-sufficient for happiness.

Needless to say that he did not speak two words of Norwegian. No race of persons on earth contrive to travel so much and know so little of the languages of the countries they pass through as the Americans. Indeed, the matter never seems to trouble them at all: they do not appear to be aware that there is any difficulty whatever in starting on a long journey through the least frequented part of a country they never saw before, and of whose language they don't know a syllable. *Ipso facto* they are right. There is no difficulty to them in such a feat. At all events, they manage to do it pretty often. Indeed, an American friend, who goes up and down the world more often than most people, soberly argued once with me that there would be no use whatever in his troubling himself to learn languages. His argument was plausible. He was always traveling, he said, and in all manner of countries. As he was not a Mezzofanti, he could not possibly learn the languages of all or half a quarter of them; and what would be the use of his worrying himself about two or three languages? They don't speak French in Japan; the language of Schiller is thrown away on the Egyptian fellah; and what avails it to try Italian on the Digger Indian or the Esquimaux? No; the true plan, he concisely declared, is to stick to your own language, and not bother.

Adrian Fyfe was not quite so self-reliant as all this, and he did actually speak French well enough, and German not well enough. Neither accomplishment, however, was of much avail in the quandary wherein he now suddenly found himself plunged. At the last station he had got a new companion—a solid and stolid young Norseman—to act as driver and guide. Few words and not many signs had been employed by Adrian at the house while the new relay of horses was being supplied. The man who had accompanied him up to that point was going no further; the solid and stolid young Norseman just spoken of took his place, and the cariole soon bowled along again. The journey was delightful; and so long as there was but one road to be seen, and that lay in a valley between a double range of mountains, there was no more possibility of losing one's way than on the pass of the *Tête Noire*, in Switzerland. But after a while the road forked away into two, nay, into three distinct branches—one leading right, one left, and the third going straight onward. Nor were the two diverging ways mere paths which the traveler might confidently ignore. They were genuine roads, not paths, quite as broad as the road on which the cariole now rolled, or, rather, halted. Each of the three ways obviously led somewhere. The question was, which way was Adrian's? That was just the question Adrian could not answer.

The young Norseman looked at Adrian inquiringly. His countenance was not remarkably expressive, but still it conveyed clearly enough the simple and natural interrogative, "Which way?"

The Norseman had no difficulty in understanding the answer given by Adrian's look of surprise and impatient shake of the head. These testimonies said plainly enough, "*I* don't know any thing about it—isn't it your business to know?"

Then the hardy Norseman talked a great deal of Norse, and Fyfe talked a great deal of German, and still more of the language of New England. The eloquence on both sides did not seem to advance matters; and the cariole stood still.

Then the Norseman pointed along one road, and uttered, slowly and with interrogative expression, a single word; pointed along the second road, and spoke a different word; along the third road, and intoned a third word—evidently the names of places to which the roads led; and he wanted to know which of the three the American wished to go to. His difficulty was not that he was ignorant of the way to any particular place, but that he did not know to what place he was expected to conduct his foreign charge.

And now came the most original and perplexing part of the business. None of the sounds pronounced by the Norseman resembled the name of the place to which Adrian was bound, and that name he had utterly forgotten! The Norseman previously in charge of our puzzled youth knew where the latter wanted to go, but he had not said any thing about it to the Norseman now in possession, assuming, of course, that Adrian would tell him. So the present Norseman was ready to drive whithersoever he was bidden, but the difficulty was that Adrian was utterly unable to say where it was his business or pleasure to go.

The pair looked at each other, talked to or at each other, sometimes smiled perplexedly upon each other; but they could not mend matters thus. The hard and naked fact remained that Adrian could not remember the name of the place he was anxious to go to. Ingenious travelers, in such a dilemma—at least such travelers as one reads of in books—usually make a drawing or hieroglyph of some kind on the sand, or the snow, or the rock, as the case may be; and the other party at once understands the meaning of this—sees it at a glance, in fact—and so all is right. I doubt whether any craft in picture-drawing could have helped Adrian out of his fix. He wanted to find a certain village—name forgotten—where lived an Englishman—name unknown—whom he was recommended to seek out as a person who was believed to have temporarily settled in that village for the purpose of studying the mineral resources of the place. Make me a picture of that!

Adrian did not attempt any such impromptu work of art. He soon made up his mind to the clear fact that it was necessary to do something promptly. He might have gone back to the station they had left; but men of his race don't readily think of retreating; and he had no notion of sneaking back and exhibiting himself as a ridiculous blunderer. Onward, somewhere, he would go. Any road must lead to a village, and any village must contain somebody who could understand Latin or French or German. So he glanced along the three roads, and promptly decided for that one which, striking away to the left, seemed to go deepest among the mountains. Such a path would be most likely, he thought, to lead him to the person he sought. He pointed decisively that way. The hardy Norseman seemed a little surprised, but Adrian again indicated his choice of roads, and this time with a somewhat impatient gesture, and the cariole went quickly on.

The way grew more and more beautiful, and, if possible, more lonely. The traveler went on for miles without seeing a human figure. At last, as the cariole crawled up to the top of a very steep elevation, Adrian saw a valley beneath him, and in the wonderfully clear, rarefied atmosphere could discern the smoke of what must be a far-off village. As the cariole descended the hill he found that between him and the smoke lay a broad, bright lake, or tarn, around the margin of which the road had to wind. When they came nearer to the lake Adrian saw a little boat just putting off from the near shore, and by a sudden impulse he broke into a loud halloo. There was, at least, a chance that whoever was in the boat might be able to assist him out of his difficulty. The boat stopped. Adrian leaped out of the carriage, and ran down to the margin of the pool; and then he saw that there was only one person in the boat, and that that person was a woman. I doubt whether Adrian had read "The Lady of the Lake." If he had, the scene before him might have reminded him of Loch Katrine, and Ellen Douglas in her skiff.

The girl, who now rested on her oars to hear what our hero had to say, was fair-haired, bright-cheeked, blue-eyed. She was dressed in costume hardly more pretentious than that of an ordinary Norwegian peasant lass; but her hands were not those of a peasant, nor did her look and manner, even now as she waited silently, seem to belong to the peasant class.

Adrian took off his hat, and she bowed quite a civilized bow. It might have been a greeting in Madison Avenue, New York.

"Do you speak German, madam?" our hero began, in that language.

"Yes, Sir," was the reply; "I can speak German tolerably well, *ziemlich gut;* but surely you are not a German?"

"No, madam" (still in the same language), "I am an American."

"Then why don't you speak English?" This was said in the purest English, and with a bright, gladsome, welcoming smile.

It was all Adrian could do to keep himself from leaping into the boat and embracing her. Certainly, as she now looked up at him, with her sweet smile, her white teeth, her beaming eyes, her sunny hair, she was pretty enough to have tempted any one to such a demonstration. But it was not her youth or her beauty which aroused in Adrian Fyfe the pardonable impulse. His delight, his gratitude, sprang from the fact that she could speak English. Had she been the homeliest old crone in the region, his affectionate emotions would have been as ardent—well, almost as ardent.

Adrian began the story of his difficulty. The girl listened with great interest, and occasionally a somewhat amused expression, until he came to mention the fact that he was looking for an Englishman who had been residing somewhere in that region, and who was supposed to be projecting some mining speculation. Then a deep shadow came over her clear brow, and she almost started, and presently her cheeks flushed.

"You don't know his name?" she said, in a tone that was sharp and somewhat suspicious.

"I don't know his name."

"Where did you hear of this person?"

Adrian mentioned the nearest considerable town.

"Only there? Never before?"

"Never, indeed." He was quite surprised by the change in her manner.

"Was it an Englishman who spoke of him?"

"Oh no—a Norwegian."

"And you only wish to see him because you suppose him to have some knowledge of the minerals of this place?"

"For that only. I know nothing whatever about him; and, on the whole, I wish I had never heard of him." Adrian was a little displeased by her words and manner.

The girl looked for a moment fixedly into Adrian's face. The gaze embarrassed him a little, but he met it quietly and frankly, only wondering in his own mind what on earth it meant. Then she said:

"You seem a man of truth and honor, Sir, and you are an American. You have no sinister motive in trying to find out my father?"

"Your father? I never knew—"

"Yes, it must be my father; there is no one else in all this part of the country who could have been meant by the description given to you. But it surprised me to find any one seeking him here. My father has come here for solitude. *You* have no motive—no unfriendly motive—in seeking him?" These last words were spoken in a pleading, pathetic tone, quite different from that in which the girl had previously spoken.

"None whatever—I give you my honor. I don't ask his name; and as he wishes for solitude, I shall, of course, not intrude upon him."

"Oh, I didn't mean that he wished for absolute and perpetual solitude; only he does not wish to be found out and visited by his own countrymen. You, an American, I know he will be delighted to see; and any thing he knows of the minerals of these regions it will give him pleasure to tell you. As you have come so far, you shall not return without seeing him. Come into the boat; send the cariole round. Oh, you must come; I will not be refused. You sha'n't go back to America and tell stories of the savage inhospitality of Norway."

Our American was only too delighted. The girl gave some directions to the hardy Norseman in his own tongue, and he drove away. Then Adrian got into the boat and took the oars, ready to row whither she directed him.

A pleasant row across the lake brought them to a creek that looked dark in the shadow of the huge overhanging rocks. While crossing, Adrian and the girl had been chatting pleasantly, almost as if they were old acquaintances. They talked chiefly of America, about which she seemed to know a good deal, although she had never been there, and of which she was anxious to know yet more.

They ran ashore, and safely beached the light boat. Then they mounted a steep and craggy path, and plunged into a pine wood. Deep in the wood, and approached by a tolerably broad and well-marked path, there was a large opening, looking wonderfully bright and sunny by contrast with the darkness of the wood; and in the opening was a pretty cottage, with a garden round it.

"This is our home," said the girl; "and here is my father."

A tall, stately, noble-looking man, with white hair, and a large beard, which was still dark, came out to meet them. The girl ran toward him, and the two talked together for a few moments; then the father came over and welcomed Adrian in a manner that was at once friendly and courtly.

Adrian told his story over again, and the elder man listened and smiled. Then they had luncheon in the cottage—cold meat and bread and honey, and corn-brandy for the two men; and after luncheon the father took Adrian for a ramble in the woods; and Adrian found that his host was a man of wide and varied knowledge, and that he was *au courant* even of the latest political and social events in America. The host insisted that Adrian should stay that night at the cottage, and Adrian was only too glad to stay; and the daughter sang to him and talked with him, and the evening passed away delightfully. Next day Adrian rowed her on the lake before breakfast; and, later on, her father began to give him some information about the mines of the place; and it seemed that the information would hardly be of much use unless it was supplemented by inspections of this or that neighboring spot. And so our American remained another day, and another; and said to himself that he never before had met so delightful a companion as the father, so charming a girl as the daughter, and that he had never been so happy in all his life. He was in Arcadia. The exquisite simplicity of the existence this father and daughter seemed to make for themselves reminded him touchingly of some dear New England household associated with the memories of his boyhood. He did not know, he did not ask, the name of his host and hostess, except that the father called his daughter "Adela." He could easily see that there was some sort of painful mystery about their self-exclusion from English life; but he wanted to know nothing more than he saw. No true heart could fail to appreciate this father and daughter. If ever truth and honor and purity were stamped on human faces and expressed in human tones, the faces and the voices of this pair made them manifest.

Adrian's desire for information about the mines of the place seemed to grow by what it fed on. He always saw some practical need for complying with the invitation of his host to stay yet a day longer. So delightful, so poetic, so idyllic did the whole kind of life appear that Adrian sometimes almost expected to wake up one morning and find himself lying alone in the forest, the cottage and its inmates having faded back into that fairy-land to which they belonged.

But the cottage remained, and the inmates; and it was Adrian Fyfe who had at last to go. He could not stay any longer. The *summa dies* had come.

He expressed to his host a wish that they might soon meet again. The host shook his head and smiled rather sadly.

"In winter," he said, "we remove into some town; I do not yet know where. Perhaps we may go into Denmark. Our movements are very uncertain. I much wish that my daughter would return to society—to London; but she will not leave me. This year will, perhaps, decide whether I shall ever see London again. If I am not to see it, I will go into yet deeper exile; but if I can prevail upon her, she shall not bury herself with me."

"Come to the States," exclaimed Adrian. "With your knowledge and your talents, you would make a name and a fortune there." For Adrian assumed that loss of money was in some way at the bottom of his friend's difficulties.

The elder man only shook his head again, and said nothing.

A few moments after, our hero found himself walking alone with Adela. They descended the craggy path which led to the lake; they stood silently and looked at the water; then their eyes met for a moment, and Adela looked down.

"Am I never to see you again?" Adrian whispered. They had been speaking of their speedy separation as they came down to the lake.

She did not look up or answer the question. She only said, "A month ago we had never met." And then she stopped.

"That time," he said, "has changed my whole life. Adela—I must call you Adela, for I know you by no other name—I love you. Do you love me?"

She looked up at him with eyes that swam in tears, and in a low, sad tone replied, "I do."

He was about to clasp her to his heart, but she repelled him firmly; and she said:

"You have asked me, and I have answered you. I would not conceal the truth from you, I so trust you. But that is all. We must be separated. A cloud is hanging over my father, which in God's good time will, I hope, be one day scattered; but while he is in exile and disgrace I share that exile and disgrace with him, and I will to the end."

"Let me share it too, Adela. I care for nothing on earth now but you."

"You know nothing of our story—nothing of what the cloud over us may be."

"And I ask nothing. I see you, I know you, and I love you."

"But if it were disgrace?"

"No deserved disgrace ever could belong to you or to your father. Disgrace undeserved is none. Adela, I care nothing about any cloud that may hang over you. Give me your love, and let it hang over me too."

She turned to him with a sad, sweet, confident smile, and put her hand in his.

"Let us part now," she said, "and speak no more of this. Trust me, and don't ask of me what I can not now give. My love is always yours. Let us have faith in God; the rest will yet come. Farewell."

Adrian Fyfe prepared his reports upon the prospects of the mining speculations on behalf of which he had come to Norway, and he returned to the continent of Europe. Although a very young man, he had already won such consideration and distinction in his profession that his engagements just now took him into almost every part of Europe where mineral resources abounded. In the spring of the year following that during which he visited Norway he reached London, where he was to stay for some months. One day, as he glanced along the columns of the *Times*, he read the following, which was printed in large type, and followed the leading articles:

"Among the presentations made to her Majesty yesterday was one to which a special significance attached. It was that of General Sir David Ennismore, formerly Governor of the —— Islands. It will be remembered that Sir David, who had served with great distinction as an officer of engineers in some of our Indian wars, was several years ago appointed Governor of these islands; and some time after was accused of having misused his power for political objects, and even of having misappropriated for personal purposes the revenues of the islands. The evidence seemed clear, and after a long investigation Sir David was deprived of all his military rank and honors, his official position, etc., and branded with deep disgrace. A criminal prosecution was even instituted; but Sir David suddenly disappeared. Recently it has been discovered that the whole charge was a base and malignant conspiracy, got up with wonderful and wicked ingenuity by some of the officials of the island government, whose long-continued malpractices Sir David had begun to discover, and would be certain to expose and punish. The principal offender has at last made full confession, and enabled the colonial government to unravel and expose the whole conspiracy. Sir David, it seems, confident, with justice, of the ultimate discovery of the truth, had withdrawn to Norway or Denmark, with which we have no extradition treaty, and there, laboring patiently and cautiously toward the object himself, awaited the day which must restore him to his rank and his fame. We, who were among those who always believed in Sir David Ennismore's honor and integrity, rejoice to be able to welcome him back to his country and his rightful place among that country's most honored servants. We understand that her Majesty yesterday welcomed Sir David in the warmest manner, and has intimated her intention of conferring on him some special distinction. His daughter, Miss Adela Ennismore, was also presented yesterday to the Queen."

Adrian put down the paper and leaned his forehead on his hand. The mystery of the Norwegian Arcadia was revealed. His own faith and confidence were vindicated. But Adela, his one only love, would she remember him? had she forgotten him?

Well, I think not. I do not know where or how the lovers met for the first time after Adrian had read this announcement; but it is certain that before many months had passed away the London papers contained a notice of the marriage of Adrian Fyfe, Esq., of New York, to Adela, only daughter of General Sir David Ennismore, K.C.B. The happy pair had chosen, of all places in the world, a spot in the interior of Norway wherein to pass their honey-moon.

FRENCH RELIEF.

It is very gratifying to perceive the tone with which the French newspapers greet the efforts made in the United States to alleviate the suffering in France. We have the Havre papers up to the 13th of April, which for several consecutive days had published the doings on this side of the water down to the minutest subscriptions. One of them, *Le Havre*, referring to the active and generous competition in European communities to this end, says that "the great republic of the United States has the honor to imitate, if not to surpass, the benevolence of the Europeans."

It will be recollected that four vessels were sent from the United States with food—the bark *Hunter*, the United States store-ships *Supply* and *Relief*, and the frigate *Worcester*. The *Hunter* and *Supply* sailed from New York, the *Relief* from Philadelphia, and the *Worcester* from Boston.

The *Hunter*, which was the first to start, was the first to arrive. She reached Havre on the 25th March last, after a passage of only twenty-eight days, and the flour with which she was loaded having been promptly discharged, its distribution over the manufacturing districts of France was immediately commenced. Her cargo of 3812 barrels of superior flour was the gift of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York.

Our engraving of the bark at Havre, on page 428, is from a photograph taken during the process of unloading.

The store-ship *Supply* was sent out by the French Committee, and, on touching at an English port of call early in April, was ordered not to proceed to Havre, but to London, where her stores of flour, grain, and provisions, intended for distribution in France, were sold, with the intention to send the proceeds to France. It is stated that the deviation of the vessel from Havre to London arose from the apprehension that the disturbances in Paris would prevent the intended distribution; but, as the power of the Communists is limited to Paris, where they are "bottled up," it would seem that the distribution might have gone on with the facility which attended that of the *Hunter's* cargo. The deviation is particularly unfortunate, because the cargo was not at the time as well adapted to the English market as to the French, and it is probable that a considerable loss was suffered. Our advices up to the 13th of April, which was several days after the *Supply* had been ordered from the port of call to London, show that there was perfect quiet at Havre; that the people with anxiety awaited her arrival; that the *Hunter* had been received with the most cordial enthusiasm, and that her cargo was then in process of distribution. The cargo of the *Supply*, if it could not all have been distributed with advantage, might have been sold to the extent of any residue, in Havre with better results to the French than in London. We exceedingly regret this great disappointment, and particularly as provision was made for the means of planting spring crops, which would have made the contribution one of inestimable advantage to such farmers as it reached.

The frigate *Worcester*, containing the contributions of the city of Boston, sailed on the 24th of March last, and stopped at Plymouth for orders about the 5th of April.

The *Relief*, containing the contributions of citizens of Philadelphia, sailed from the latter port on the 7th of April, and had not arrived at the latest advices received. We sincerely hope that she may reach France directly.

So far as concerns the cargo of the *Hunter*, the mode of its distribution over the manufacturing districts we ascertain from the *Industrial* of Elbeuf, and the *Liberal* of Cambrai. It appears that each of these manufacturing points received 700 barrels of flour, which the firm of A. T. Stewart & Co. sent by railroad from Havre, consigned to the mayor of each locality, who was associated with a few of the manufacturing houses, with directions to make distribution over the whole district to which the mayoralty extends. This was undoubtedly the general plan adopted for the whole cargo. The mayor of Cambrai states: "The 700 barrels have arrived, and I am occupied with the distribution. I have distributed 30 barrels in a village where, out of 2500 inhabitants, 1500 are necessitous, who gave their thanks and benedictions." The *Liberal*, remarking upon this gift, closes its article relating to Mr. Stewart as follows: "It is from a republic that comes to us such examples of generosity and true grandeur. Can we show ourselves worthy of the sympathy of a people represented by such men?"

The Thiers and the local governments without hesitation remitted all duties, storage, and other expenses on the cargo of the *Hunter*, and will expect to do so with the other cargoes if they arrive. The proceeds of the recent fair in Boston, which are large, may now be forwarded in accordance with the method contemplated in the comprehensive and careful arrangements of Mr. Stewart.

EXPECTATION.

Now that we are taught that men and beasts are descended from one common stock, it behooves us to renovate the characters of those of our poor relations who have been uncharitably used in this respect, and, for the sake of the relationship, to discover those virtues and redeeming traits which have hitherto escaped observation.

The pig has hitherto been held as gross, brutal, and stupid; but Mr. Briton Rivière appears to have caught a glimpse of the brighter side of his character in his picture, and to have portrayed it with happy fidelity. The prospective feast has enlivened him, and he cocks his great flap ears, and sniffs and grunts with satisfaction. He is sprightly, and by no means of that sluggish and stupid disposition which we are in the habit of calling "pig-headedness;" but if it be objected that this sprightliness is only born of his gluttony, it should be remembered that his gluttony is not such a bad thing in its way. He, like ourselves, has a mission in this world, and his mission is to make pork. He does his work heartily, giving his whole mind to it; and when we see the result in brawn, or bacon, or lordly ham, we have no right to scorn that gluttony which was only a means to an end—and such an end. There is many a man among us who will rub his hands and chuckle with anticipatory glee as the waft of some choice stew greets his nostrils, and who, the meal finished, will put his legs up on the sofa, and undo the lower button of his waistcoat, much as the pig, its craving satisfied, will wallow contentedly in the mud. They are only different ways of doing the same thing.

The pig when dead has always had his admirers, and the praises of roast pork have been sung with almost idyllic tenderness; but it is with the living pig we have now to deal. Nature has not made him lovely, but he has aspirations after the beautiful—there is a charming little sketch upon this point in one of Andersen's works—endeavoring to cultivate such graces as have been allowed him by curling the only curlable part of his body. He has an independence of thought not to be found in many animals. They follow where man leads them; the pig resists, and, knowing the hostility of man, tries to go the other way. There must be a certain dry humor in his fat head, to judge from the twinkle of his eye; and we have a tradition of his cleverness in that old nursery tale—made perhaps when man and pig were on a more intimate footing—wherein he outwits the fox by means of a tin kettle. He makes no fuss about his eating and drinking, but takes what comes; he is not dainty about his sleeping accommodation; like a hermit, he will be content with roots and husks, and the bare ground to lie upon, if he can get no better, but he does not scorn the luxury of a sty nor the tub of food; and it is only when man, working upon his weak point, pampers him with overfeeding, that his intellect runs to fat, and he is a sight for gormands to chuckle over, and for reasoning people to grieve at. In agricultural shows we see what monsters scientific feeding can produce; in the picture on page 428 we see the work of nature—two healthy, sturdy, active, yet plump porkers, with capital appetites for the meal which is coming to them.

RETURN OF THE LANDWEHR.

The Landwehr Guards, who are the picked men of the Prussian army, and who performed many gallant deeds during the late war, were the first of the German troops to return to Berlin. Their transit through Germany was a triumphal march. The railroad cars, which, a little more than seven months ago, decorated with laurels and inscribed *nach Paris*, served to carry them to the seat of war, were now more profusely ornamented than ever, while the inmates wore garlands of flowers, and flourished large nosegays on the top of their needle-guns and the points of their bayonets. At the various stations through which they passed they were vociferously cheered by the large crowds assembled to welcome them, and wherever they stopped hundreds of hands were stretched out for them to shake, and innumerable were the *seidels* of beer and the sausage sandwiches which were proffered for their refreshment. Should also one of the troops belong to that particular town, he was instantly transformed into a hero, and was proudly recognized and greeted by his fellow-citizens. His wife was sure to be there to claim him, and his children would be handed over to his fellow-soldiers, who, for the most part family men themselves, would duly praise and admire the quiverful of their comrade.

At Berlin, however, where most of the Guards belonged, the excitement on the arrival of the train, of which we give an illustration on page 432, was most intense. Phlegmatic as the Germans usually are, they lost all command over themselves at the sight of these men who had done so much for Germany, who had been victorious in so many hard-fought battles, who had repelled the dreaded French invasion with an almost unparalleled celerity, and had turned the tables on their invaders by overthrowing and almost eradicating an army once thought to be the most powerful in the world. Still, in spite of the tremendous welcome which greeted them at the station, the troops did not forget that discipline which has been one of the chief causes of their success; and, after one warm embrace and a hearty shake of the hands, fell into the ranks for one more march past the palace of their beloved Kaiser and of their almost worshiped commander, the Crown Prince. They marched down that famous avenue, the Linden, attended by thousands of cheering Berliners, and halting at the Imperial Palace, shouted "Long live the Emperor!" and were kindly bowed to in return by William I. himself, who came out on the balcony to thank his troops for their greeting. The Guards then proceeded up the Friedrich Strasse to the place appointed for disbanding. Here the strict discipline which they had hitherto so rigidly kept up was relaxed. The women broke through the ranks, and hung round their husbands, brothers, or fathers with a tenacity which the half-ashamed, half-pleased soldiers were unable to shake off. The children followed their mothers' example; and soon men, women, and children were welded into one heterogeneous crowd—all marching to the Jäger Strasse. There the welcome word "halt" was heard, the colonel waved a hearty adieu, the captain took leave of his men in a few touching words, one tremendous cheer for the Landwehr was given, and soldiers were dismissed to their homes, and were free to embrace and hug their family belongings to their hearts' content, and to return to their peaceful avocations of seven months ago. The return of these troops, however, made a sad impression upon many of the gazers; for not all of those who had so gallantly marched out of the town last year had returned, and the ranks seemed terribly thin to those whose relations or friends were lying under the cold sod of a battle-field. But *à la guerre comme à la guerre*—they had died for their father-land; and is it not the duty of a good citizen to sacrifice every thing, even to his life, for the good of his country?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It is said of a late physician that he was waited upon one day by a neighbor to come and see a child sick with the croup. "Oh, certainly," replied the doctor; "if there is any thing I pride myself on in my profession, it is my treatment of that disease." As the doctor stepped out a moment to make ready, his waiting visitor was surprised to hear him say to his wife, "Sarah, what do you do for the croup?"

A San Francisco surgeon was called to a house to amputate a leg for a woman who had more than she wanted, for some reason or other. The surgeon was near-sighted, and being told to go up stairs into the back-room, he went up and performed the operation, and was astonished afterward to find that he had cut off a leg for the German servant-girl. The girl said she was scared some, but thought it was one of our customs.

A Western Settler—The sun at evening.

A nice young man at Portland kept looking into the window of a married lady until he saw her shake a handkerchief, when he called at her room. After being picked up at the bottom of the stairs, and having his bones set, it was explained that she was only shaking some apple-peelings from a napkin. Her husband says she did perfectly right in hitting the visitor with the wash-bowl.

There is a story going the rounds that a boarding-house keeper died and left all her property to a young man just because he never complained about the hash and things. It is evident that the item is published at the instigation of boarding-house keepers, who think young men will take warning, and quit complaining in hopes of being remembered.

New Name for Tight Boots—Corn cribs.

A new-fangled system of singing the hymns has crept into some of our churches of late years, which frequently leads to positions which, but for the sacredness of the occasion, would go very far toward the ludicrous. The favorite repetition of the first syllable has not unfrequently been known to result in such doubtful harmonies as these:

"My poor pol-,
My poor pol-,
My poor polluted heart."

And—

"Our great sal-,
Our great sal-,
Our great salvation comes."

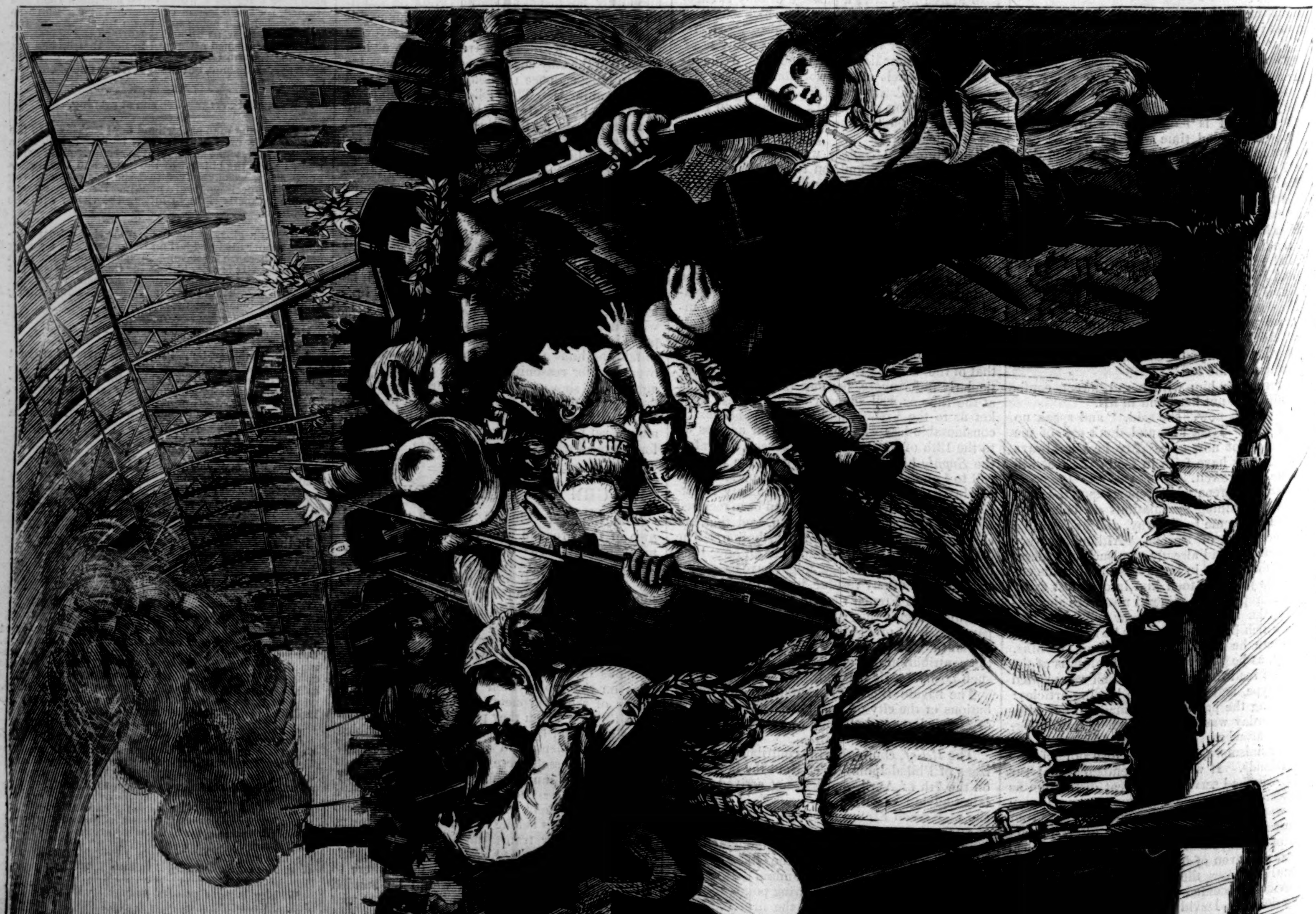
In the following strain sings a sighing swain:

"I light my cigar, and
When the smoke rises
Up to my eyeses,
I think of my true-love,
And then I sighses."

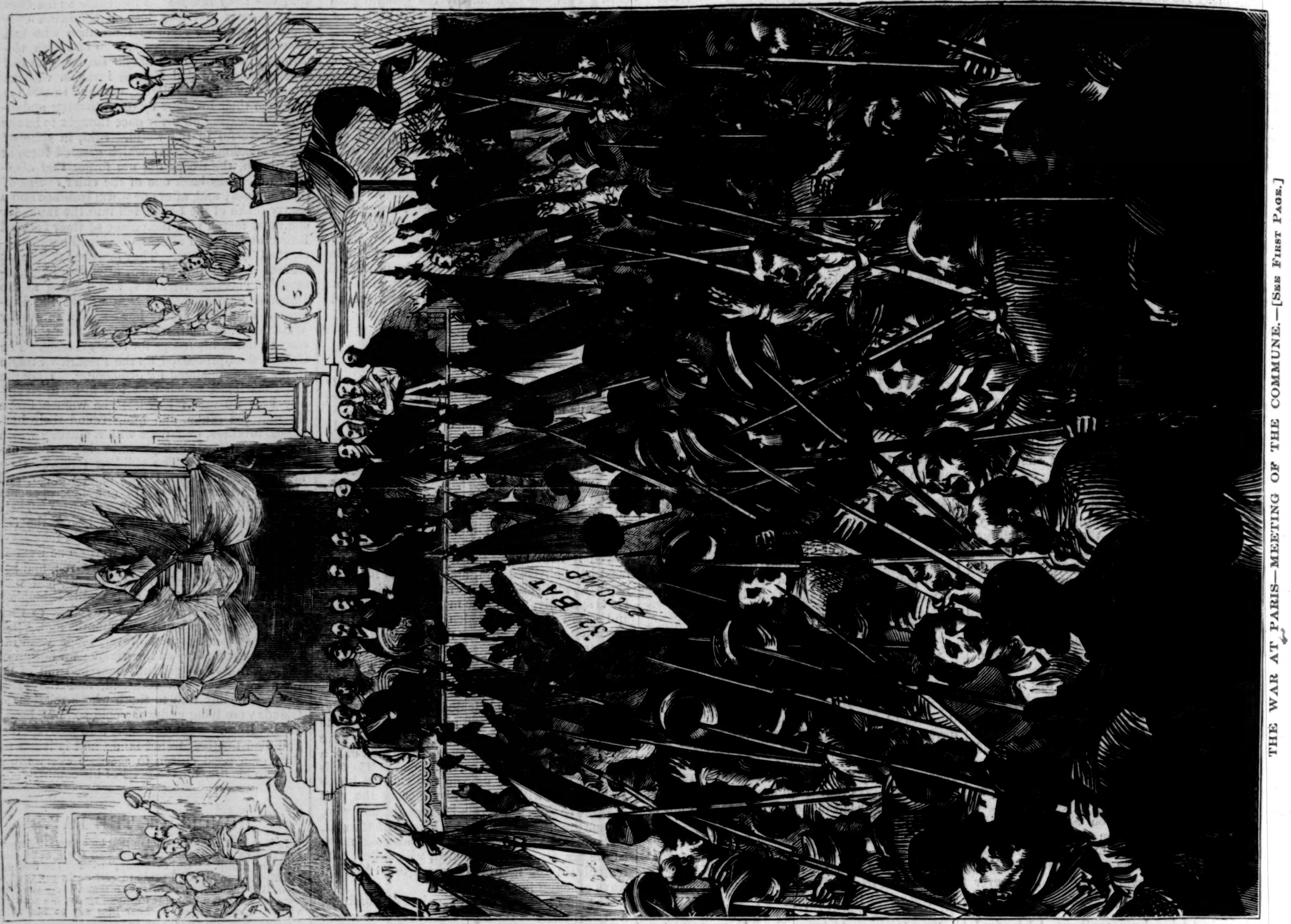
Rev. J. H. K—— was, several years since, pastor of a Methodist Episcopal church in Western New York. During his sermon on a hot summer Sunday morning Brother Austin, one of the official members of the church, fell fast asleep. Mr. K—— suddenly paused and called out, "Brother Austin, will you please open the window there a little? Physicians say it is very unhealthy to sleep in a close room."

At a recent circuit of the Supreme Court of Illinois a question arose on the construction of the pleadings. The counsel read their respective pleadings through to the judge, and argued. Then the judge took the pleadings and read them through to himself. At the conclusion he handed the papers over to the counsel, and, with an expression of utter perplexity, said, "I think, under the present system of pleading, there is no safety unless counsel come into court with the code under their arm." One of the counsel quickly jumped up and replied, "Don't you think, your Honor, it would be better to bring it in their head?"

Whisky is your greatest enemy. "But," said Mr. Jones, "don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?" "Oh yes, Jones, but it don't say we are to swallow them."



THE RETURN OF THE LANDWEHR.—[See Page 431.]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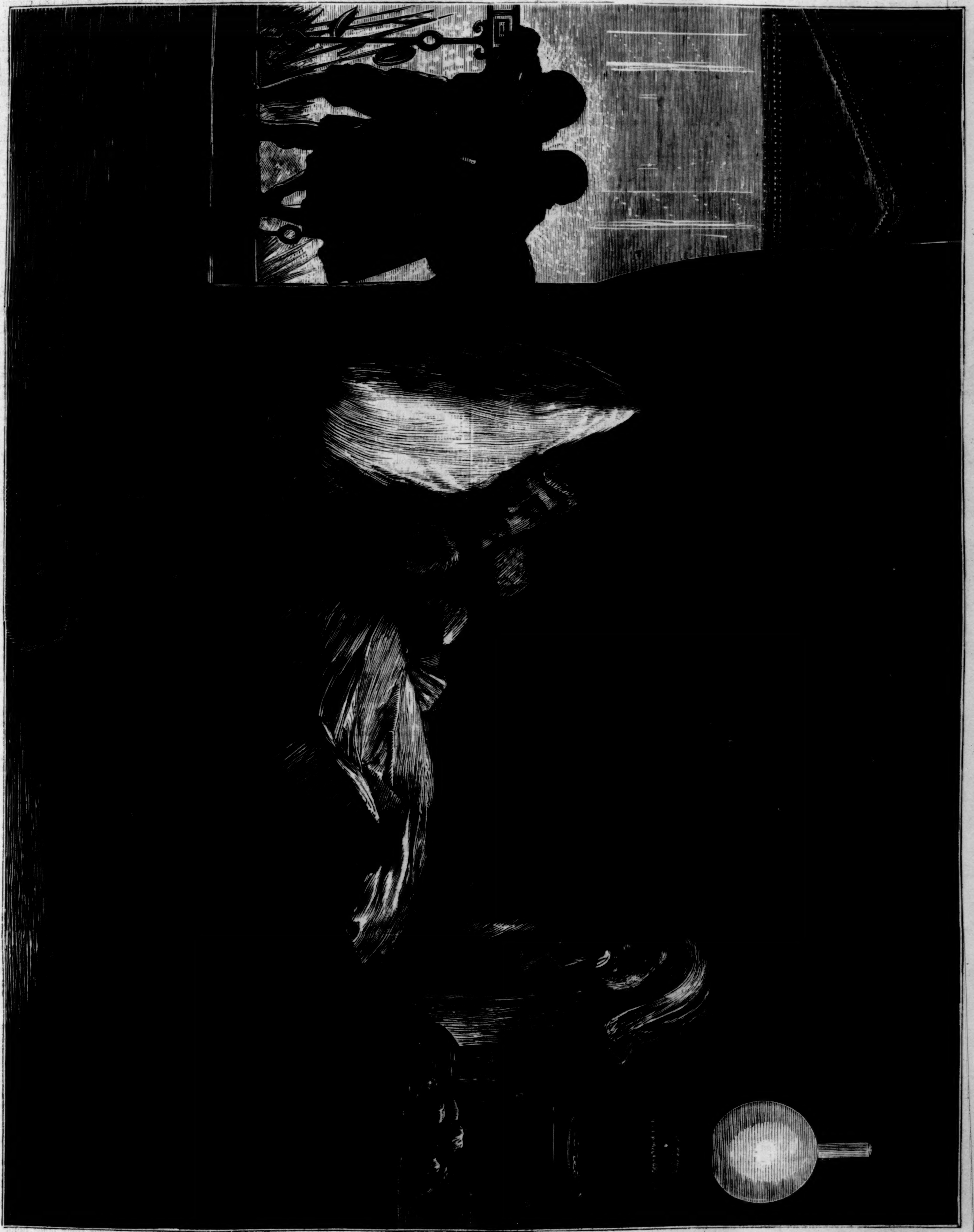
THE WAR AT PARIS—MEETING OF THE COMMUNE.—[See First Page.]

THE PRICE OF VICTORY.

The time has come for hanging up the weapons on the wall—although not for beating them into plowshares, as they may be wanted again shortly—and resting after the fatigues of war. The men are marching home with laurel wreaths about their shakos and on the muzzles of their rifles; the cities are bursting out in flame from basement to parapet; flags wave out of the windows; crowds throng the road below; there are triumphal arches for the returning victors to march through; there are addresses to be read, and cheers to be given, and all the paraphernalia of rejoicing to be gone through, before we settle down once more to the old ways, and each man, his soldiering done, returns to his work, his plowing or hammering, his lecturing or writing.

We rejoice, avowedly, because we have peace once more; but there is something more than that in the matter. The vanquished, who stands the most in need of peace, makes no rejoicing; but the victor, because he is the victor, and his heart is glad with his victory, lights up his cities for the reception of the welcome stranger, sticks flaming emblems of peace upon his buildings, and shouts lusty greetings till he is hoarse. He puts his sorrow on one side for the occasion, and, glancing over yonder where his late enemy lies, thinks how sombre and sad every thing appears there, and determines that there shall be nothing to mar his own festival. He locks up the skeleton in its cupboard, puts the key in his pocket, and goes out to look at the illuminations, and drink toasts with his neighbor, who has doubtless a key of the same pattern in *his* pocket.

Behind the gas-lights the sorrow is kept well out of sight; but it is there, nevertheless, and those who have paid most heavily for the good things are not those who rejoice over them. De Quincey, in that paper on "Mail Coaches," wherein he speaks of carrying the news of victory down into the country, tells us how they traveled, decked out with laurels, heralded by the blasts of the guard's trumpet. On one of these journeys, when they bore news of Talavera, they came suddenly within view of a carriage containing an old and a young lady in mourning. The young one drew the other's attention to the laurel deckings, which meant victory; but she shrank back, weeping, at the sight, because to her they meant the price we pay for victory; and so, amidst all rejoicings, there are those who mourn in secret. Those who, fighting and dying on the field of battle, have bought the victory with their life's blood, leave a heritage of thankfulness to the many, but a heritage of sorrow to the few who are most dear to them. The city is bright with light, and alive with busy throngs, and men are grasping each other by the hand because a great battle has been won, and brought peace in its wake; and the mothers and widows of those who did this good thing, in their sad, black dresses, and in the company of sad and solemn



THE PRICE OF VICTORY.

thoughts, try to be deaf to the sound of rejoicing which is such a mockery to them. The men have worked, and the women must weep, but humanity is not broad enough in its sympathies for one man to feel all others' griefs. If it were, this would be a very sad world.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A HURRIED DEPARTURE.

THE interest which the two portraits had awakened in Mabel's mind was extreme, and yet she found it impossible to get another word from Mrs. Merthyr respecting their original. It was evident that the housekeeper repented having been even so communicative on the point as she had been. Mabel had, as the fact of her being Mrs. Winthrop proved, a very keen sense of honor, and was certainly not the sort of woman who likes to gossip with her serving-maid; but she *was* a woman, and curiosity so far got the better of her that when Vance was brushing her long brown hair that night she put this question to her: "Were you here much in the late Mrs. Winthrop's time?"

"Now and then, ma'am, for odd jobs; but I saw a deal of her for a certain reason;" and Carry sighed deeply.

"Not a painful one, I hope?" returned her mistress.

"Yes, ma'am; it was by reason of a very sad and bad affair. I had a sister—dead now, poor soul—to whom Mr. Horn behaved very ill."

"Dear, dear! I had no idea of that," said Mabel, flushing to her forehead. "Pray forgive me for having alluded to it. I am so sorry."

"To do her justice, poor Mrs. Winthrop was sorry too," was the girl's quiet rejoinder. "I shall never forget her coming to our cottage when my sister died, and bearing the hard words my mother gave her, just as the patient cattle bear their blows. She only gave one answer: 'It is better, Mrs. Vance, to lose your child than to have one grow up as mine has done.'"

"Hush, hush, Carry; you must not tell me such tales as these," said Mabel, softly, "even if they are true ones."

"True, ma'am?" echoed the girl, in a tone of self-contempt. "Every one at Wapshot knows it true, and has taken care that I should know that they know it."

"I am so sorry," repeated Mabel, softly.

"You have a kind heart, ma'am, as the other Mrs. Winthrop had," sobbed Carry; "and I pray that it may not be broken, as hers was. People said as she was mad; but if that was so, he as broke her heart doubtless stole her brains—and that was her own son."

"This is most shocking," said Mabel. "Pray tell me no more. Remember that Mr. Horn is my husband's son."

"He is, ma'am, more's the pity," continued Carry, in a state of incontrollable excitement; "though how he can be so passes belief. Master and he are no more like one another than race-horse and wild bull. Nor, so far as I could ever see, was Mr. Horn like his mother neither, though I have heard tell that it was not always so."

"He is like her picture in the gallery," said Mabel—"in feature, though not in expression."

"Ay, but have you seen her picture in Mrs. Merthyr's room, ma'am—the one with the silk curtain before it? He is not a bit like that; and that's how I knew the poor lady—thin and gray and pale, and looking like one as has got a heavy burden at her heart, as without doubt she had. Some called her 'fanciful;' but her troubles were real enough, Heaven knows."

"Thank you, Carry; that will do," said Mabel, referring to the brushing of her hair, but with an indirect reference to the topic under discussion, which the waiting-maid could not but understand.

"You are not angry with me, ma'am, I hope?" said the girl, as she took her leave; "but I scarcely know what I say when any body speaks of Mr. Horn."

It was certainly not to be expected of Mabel that she should feel any resentment on behalf of her step-son, so that she confined herself to saying that the subject had better not be resumed between them.

Curiously enough, the same unpleasant topic was forced upon Mabel the next morning, in quite another fashion. A letter was brought to her, as she was dressing, from Martha, and in it an inclosure addressed in an unknown hand. She read Martha's letter first—a tender and loving one, which brought the tears into her eyes, and filled her heart with a warmth it had not known for months; but it had this postscript:

"Just as I had finished my epistle, who should look in but Mr. Horn Winthrop! He tells me you and your husband are such gadabouts that he does not know your address. When I said, 'Why, they are at home at Wapshot,' he was, or affected to be, quite surprised. 'Well, as you are writing,' said he, 'perhaps you will be so good as to inclose these few lines to your cousin.' Why he did not post them himself I can not imagine. Between ourselves, I don't greatly like Mr. Horn, my dear; a very inferior person to his father, I feel sure, and not *quite* a gentleman. He staid a week at Brackmere after your marriage, during which time he amused himself, it seems, by endeavoring to pump out of our excellent Rachel every thing she knew about *you*. Of course he got no information; but the attempt to obtain it in such a fashion was most shameful."

When Mabel read this she knew at once by what means Horn Winthrop had become informed of her having received Richard's anonymous gift. What webs of fraud and meanness was not this creature capable of spinning to obtain his cruel ends! It was with a shudder of fear almost as much as of loathing that she took up his note.

"DEAR STEP-MOTHER,—I take this means of writing to you under safe cover, lest my father, whose little foibles you have doubtless discovered by this time, should be jealous even of me. I have written to him by the same post to ask for a little more money than usual, and rely upon your good offices to get it. If *I* had any anonymous friend to send me bank-notes, I would not trouble you. In case of there being any difficulty about the matter—which, from what I know of your good sense, I am far from anticipating—you will soon see me at Wapshot in person. I hope this will not be necessary, since, when it is not the shooting-season, I am conscious of being rather a nuisance in a country house. *Verbum sap.*
H. W."

It was with small appetite, as may be well imagined, that poor Mabel went down to breakfast. She had lingered lovingly over the contents of Martha's letter, and consequently found Mr. Winthrop already at table. His face was so troubled, and his manner so distant, that she was perforce compelled to ask him what was the matter, although she knew but too well.

"It is this letter from Horn," he said, pushing the thing in question peevishly away from his plate. "He is a leech, a blood-sucker; but he shall find me resolute this time. He talks of his heirship, forsooth; but if he had his own way, there would soon be nothing for him to inherit."

"I suppose your son's expenses are great?" said Mabel, quietly.

"His extravagances are, madam," returned Mr. Winthrop, with irritation. "He has an allowance amply sufficient to keep him in luxury, and— Expenses great! why, those are the very words he uses, madam. May I ask to what my son is indebted for this most unexpected, and to me inexplicable, pleading on his behalf?" Mr. Winthrop had risen from his seat, excited and angry. "I don't understand, madam," he continued, "this sympathy for a step-son."

The words that she had just been reading came into Mabel's mind, "lest he be jealous even of *me*," and with them the recollection of a certain interview at Shingleton, when Mr. Winthrop had accused her of pique at the sudden departure of his son. She also rose, and returned to her husband's fiery looks a glance of scorn.

"I don't know what you mean, Miles, and I don't seek to know. If you ask me if I have any sympathy with your son, I tell you I have none. Far from it. He may be the heir of all the Winthrops, but he is not, in my opinion, even a gentleman."

"We will not say that, if you please, Mrs. Winthrop," said her husband, but not vehemently, and at the same time reseating himself in his chair.

"I have a right to say any thing, Miles, when you impute to me such things. Why I plead for him, however—if you choose so to turn my words—is because I do not wish to form the subject of contention between son and father. I mean"—she added, for the fire had leaped again from her husband's eyes—"in respect of this wretched money. It seems that I have cost you something since our marriage, which has somehow come from this young man's pocket. For Heaven's sake, let him have it, and spare me such scenes as these."

Mabel spoke with a noble scorn, far beyond mere wounded dignity. She had not felt so outraged even by Horn's insults as now by his father's wild and wandering words. It was impossible even for him to misjudge her, to mistake her manner for aught but what it was—a just resentment at a mad and wicked imputation.

"Forgive me," said he, humbly—"forgive me, Mabel; I was not master of myself. This boy— But there! you shall read his letter for yourself;" and he passed it to her quite gently across the table.

"By no means, Miles," answered she, firmly. "I do not wish to be privy to this matter at all, though your confidence in all others is what I wish to win."

"And you shall have it, Mabel," replied Mr. Winthrop, gratefully. "I am proud and ill-humored, I know, and you have borne with me very dutifully. I"—he placed his hand upon his heart, as though in pain—"I am much to blame in this matter, so far as you are concerned; I—" He grew deadly pale, and stopped.

"You are ill, Miles," said Mabel, anxiously, for she was both touched and frightened. "Let me call for help."

"No, no; I shall be better soon," gasped Mr. Winthrop. "I am better now. It was only a passing faintness. The doctors say I must not excite myself." Notwithstanding that he essayed to smile, he looked nervous and alarmed, and she saw that he was feeling his pulse beneath his wristband.

"I will talk to you again, Mabel, about this, but not just now. There will not need to be any argument. I will give him his answer once for all. Be so good as to come to my study in an hour."

Mabel was there at the time appointed. Her husband had an open letter in his hand, which he had, apparently, just written. It was very short, but the torn paper that bestrewed his desk showed that it was not the first that he had penned. He motioned her to a chair, and spoke as follows, very calmly, though it plainly cost him no little effort to be calm: "You have said, Mabel, that Horn is not a gentleman; and I am bound to say that his conduct does not belie your words; still he is my son—at present my only son, and, at all events, will inherit, at no distant date, this vast estate. Well, for your sake, I have broken with him." Mabel held up her head, and strove to speak, but Mr. Winthrop exclaimed, "Silence!" in so sharp a tone that she dared not disobey him. "I am wrong in saying that it is for your sake only," he resumed, "since I hope—since we both hope—there will be another concerned in the matter in time, whose interests should be very dear to you. If I died to-morrow, Mabel, yourself and the child that you carry within you would be beggars, dependent on this man's mercy for a crust of bread." Mabel could not repress a shudder. "This ought not to be, and shall not. When I saw my son at Brackmere I gave him—and it was a wrong to you and yours—a great sum, sufficient for his needs for years, and he writes me that it is all gone. He can get money if he pleases by speculating on my death, he says. Well, let him. He shall have no more, beyond his allowance, from me. I mean it. For the rest of my life what I have to spare will be laid by for you and yours. I have written—here—to say that that is my unalterable resolution. He can not credit *you* with this ill turn, for I have let him know that you endeavored to excuse him, and even to subordinate your interests to his own."

Mabel bowed her head in genuine gratitude. It really seemed as though her husband had undesignedly hit upon the very plan that promised her protection. But would Horn believe him? Or, if he did so, would he not at once come down in fury to Wapshot and tell his father what he knew? From what she had seen of her husband that morning she feared such a disclosure more than ever; in his state of health, and with his morbid feelings, it might even kill him on the spot. If she had only had the courage to tell it to him herself—and, indeed, she would have done so if he had encouraged her by any show of confidence, such as he was now, too late, exhibiting—all might now have been well; she might have defied Horn's utmost malignity; but, as it was, her long concealment of the fact of Richard's gift would, she felt, only too surely attach, in her husband's eyes, the worst significance to it. It was evident from Horn's letter that he took it for granted that she had not revealed it, and now he would come and tell it with his own lips. He would not trust it to paper (she was well convinced of that), but would present himself at the Hall in person, and, perhaps, gain his end at once by slaying his father with the news.

If Mabel did not love her husband, she was a loyal wife, and his late unexpected tenderness to her, and foresight for her interests, had touched her heart. Moreover, should any thing happen to him, he had said with truth that there would shortly be another life to bear the burden of poverty, and share the bitter cup of dependence with her. Beholden for the means of subsistence to Horn Winthrop she never, indeed, could be; but to whom else could she and her helpless infant turn? The divine instinct of the mother filled her breast, though her child was yet unborn; and she felt grateful to the man who was about to make provision for it, and would not listen to her self-abnegation.

"I have thought it best, Mabel, to put you in possession of what I have written," resumed Mr. Winthrop, "because it is a matter which so nearly concerns your interests. Horn has nothing to complain of—nothing. It would be utterly inexcusable in him to take this matter in dudgeon. I can not have him down here now, with his arguments and reproaches." ("He has reiterated his menace of visiting Wapshot in person, then," thought Mabel, with a cold shiver; "and come he will.") "I will not permit it," went on Mr. Winthrop, peevishly. "My state of health is far from what it should be; and the doctor tells me to avoid all worries and excitements. I wonder whether change of air would do me good?" Here he looked up with quite a cheerful air, as though a happy thought had struck him. "We talked about going abroad, Mabel, at one time, didn't we? What do you say to spending a month or two in France before the winter sets in? It wouldn't hurt you, would it. But I'll consult Mrs. Merthyr about that."

"It would please me very much, Miles," said Mabel, eagerly. "Let us go abroad, by all means. I can start at a day's notice, so far as I am concerned."

"That is excellent," said Mr. Winthrop, approvingly. "It is rather late for a foreign trip, and, therefore, we can not be away too soon. Shall we say the day after to-morrow, then?"

To this Mabel gladly assented. She was well aware that her husband was fleeing from Wapshot because his son had threatened to visit it; and the chief desire of her own heart at that moment was as much in unison with his as though they had been a pair of lovers waiting for the leaden hours to pass that intervened 'twixt now and wedding-day. The apprehension which Mr. Winthrop so unmistakably exhibited intensified, however, her own fears. It did not escape her attention that his letter was not dispatched until the succeeding day, so that by the time Horn received it, they must needs already be on their way. How formidable must the anger of this young man be, of which even his own father stood in fear!

A foreboding of evil, such as she had known but once before, took possession of her, and with it a vague terror, such as she had never known, which made her wish that instead of the narrow sea, she was about to place between herself and her step-son the breadth of the Atlantic, or a hemisphere.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

FROM the moment that Mr. Winthrop left home his old peevishness and dissatisfaction with all about him returned with tenfold force. No relic of his late frankness or tenderness remained to show that they had ever existed; and, indeed, his manner was so tart and fretful that it seemed as though he were angry with himself for having had the weakness to exhibit them. It must be conceded, however, that he was very far from well. Though still comparatively young, his constitution had, apparently, given way, his nerves were shattered, and in his impatience of discomforts, and alarm at obstacles, he offered, indeed, a sad contrast to the man who had once been the most intrepid of travelers, and had chosen for his first matrimonial trip a voyage round the world. The sole benefit that his former experience seemed to have bequeathed to him was an immunity from seasickness; and fortunate it was for Mabel that in her case too nature was kind, and did not add that ineffable misery to the peevish complaints and ceaseless fidgeting about rugs and wraps which her ears had to endure. The unhappy Vance was prostrate and useless. "Whatever it may cost, ma'am, and though I pay it out of my own wages," she murmured, contemptuous of geographical difficulties, "I shall return home by land."

In common with the rest of the Wapshot household, she ordinarily stood in much awe of her master; but not on board the packet. The wave is as great a leveler as the grave; and when Mr. Winthrop, annoyed by the spray, demanded of her imperiously what had become of the umbrellas, she only turned a half-glazed eye upon him and murmured a reckless, "Lost." Mr. Winthrop, in fact, was no longer a valetudinarian, but a hypochondriac. Depressed himself, he resented liveliness in others, and hence—to begin with—the whole French nation incurred his severe disapproval. The clatter and chatter of the *tables d'hôte* he pronounced to be intolerable, and yet not so *triste* and suicide-suggestive as a dinner alone in their own apartment. On the whole, it was a sad time for Mabel, this first foreign trip of hers, which is commonly the brightest and most memorable feature of a young girl's life. What annoyed her most, perhaps, was the pity that the good-natured French servants showed her. "All will be well, and monsieur very kind," whispered one sharp-eyed *soubrette*, who had come upon her suddenly as she wept, "when the little master comes."

The hotel where this happened was in a sea-port where they staid some days, and among other excursions explored the fishermen's quarter. The tawdry church, with its wretched daubs of pictures and poor thank-offerings of toy-craft, excited Mr. Winthrop's contempt, while the odor of herrings that pervaded the whole quarter disgusted him; even his artistic taste seemed to have deserted him, for he saw no picturesqueness in the bulging houses and narrow, net-crossed streets. In one of these, seated on the stone step of a door-way, was a woman with a sick child in her arms. Always tender-hearted, Mabel was just now more than ever moved to pity by such sights, and she stopped to say a few kind words; while she did so her husband grew impatient, and bade her, in no very gentle tones, to come away, lest she should catch a fever from the little brat. The woman, who understood his meaning from his manner, looked up with a significant smile. "Never mind, my pretty lady," said she; "to judge by his looks, the gentleman will not live long, and then Heaven send you a husband more worthy of you!"

It would have been better for Mabel, as well as for himself, if her husband had not understood French; for though he answered nothing, nor ever alluded to the subject afterward, the iron of this unhappy remark seemed to have entered into his soul. He grew more moody and morose than ever, and on some occasions (though never impolite) even unkind. Instead of travel benefiting his health, it had manifestly the very contrary effect; while, as for Mabel, the foreign scenes failed altogether to distract her mind, or lighten the dark presentiments that still oppressed her. Straight highways between poplars, with level wastes of treeless fields on either side, were henceforth to be her memories of the country; the spacious gloom of half-filled churches, or the melancholy of some damp museum, those of the town. What she saw that was bright and buoyant jarred by contrast with her own feelings—the gayety of young people whom they met at table, and, most of all, the mutual happiness of bride and bridegroom on their wedding-tour. It was not, Heaven knows, that she grudged others the joys that were not for her, but the contemplation of them—the involuntary comparison, perhaps, of the what *was* and the what *might have been*, in her own case—made her sick at heart. Only the children pleased her, the little children, who, at sight of her sweet smile, would come and link their trustful hands in hers, and lift their cherry lips to win her kiss. Even in the convent schools, where life from the very first is emptied of all impulse, the slate-clad, stony children warmed toward her as she passed through their clean, colorless rooms and cheerless corridors. If, despite the iron discipline to which their little hearts had been subjected, not a few envied the handsome young English lady who lived a life of pleasure out in the sunny world, certainly none guessed how Mabel, in her turn, envied *them* their monotonous, uneventful, loveless days, and still more those of them who, their pure lives over, lay in the little God's-acre without, at rest forever.

Little, however, as Mabel enjoyed her foreign tour, her spirits sank even lower when it was concluded, and they turned their faces homeward. They were the very last of the tourists; the autumn had long been over, and winter had set in in earnest, even in France. At Wapshot snow was on the fells and ice upon the lake. The leafless park looked inexpressibly dreary as its iron gates closed behind them with sharp clang; and, though lights and fires did all they could in the way of welcome, the Hall itself, with its vast chambers, seemed less like home to its young mistress than ever. Even her husband, though nervous and fidgety about his own health to the last degree, noticed her wan, pale looks. There was a reason for them, however, he argued; then felt his pulse, and measured his wine, and began another novel of Balzac's. It was essential, the physician said, to keep his mind agreeably occupied.

No letter or communication of any kind had come from Horn since his last demand for money had been refused. This silence, in one so uncontrollable and fierce, caused, it was plain, Mr. Winthrop great uneasiness, though he was too proud to speak of it. It filled Mabel also with vague alarm, but not with the terror that the sight of his handwriting—much more of his evil face—would have caused her. Nevertheless, for her husband's sake, she made an effort at reconciliation.

She was on the sofa in her boudoir, which opened from the bedroom, and Mr. Winthrop had been reading to her from a volume of her own choice, Dickens's "Christmas Carol." It was not a book after his own taste, and he had laid it down, after a little, with a cynical criticism.

"It is most artificial and ridiculous to make this fuss about Christmas," continued he, peevishly. "One is no better at that season, that I know of, than any other. Rather worse, indeed, on account of the rheumatism."

"Still it is not artificial and ridiculous to forgive and forget, Miles; especially in the case of one's own flesh and blood."

"If you allude to Horn," said Mr. Winthrop, quickly—"a subject, by-the-bye, which we agreed was to be avoided—I have nothing to forgive him, more than usual, that is; and I would very gladly forget him if I could."

Curt as was his reply, Mabel could perceive in it that her husband was not altogether displeased by her appeal; and the phrase, "If I could," corroborated her suspicions respecting the effect of Horn's silence on his father's mind.

"It is past Christmas-time, but not too late"—she was going to propose that Horn should be invited to Wapshot, but her heart failed her—"to send him some kind message."

"For which he would be most grateful, I have no doubt," returned Mr. Winthrop, coldly. "You don't know my son, madam, if you imagine that all the paternal affection in the world would give him as much pleasure as a five-pound note. Now I have not got a five-pound note, or, at least, any sum that he would think worth his acceptance, to give him."

"I thought I heard you say that you had saved money abroad, Miles," said Mabel, diffidently. She half expected an outbreak of irritation, but in place of that he smiled as he replied:

"That is for *you*, Mabel—the beginnings of your future fortune and that of the little one whom we expect. I keep it in the house, so that you always know where to find it. It is in bank-notes, because, if any thing were to happen to me upon a sudden, as is quite likely— But there! you are not to be frightened, Mrs. Merthyr says, or shocked, or 'put about;' so we won't talk of such things."

Mabel had indeed turned very pale at her husband's reference to the probability of his own decease. It was the idea of all others, the doctor had told her, which was to be studiously kept out of his mind. Her anxiety to avoid it gave her courage to return to a topic scarcely less embarrassing.

"Do you mean to say with respect to this money, Miles, that it is absolutely mine—to do what I like with?"

"Most certainly it is. From henceforth you are your own banker."

"And it would not anger you, Miles, if—if—to prevent ill blood—I was to send some of it to Horn?"

"It would not anger me, Mabel; but you must recollect that, though I have given up to you the control of this money, it is not wholly yours. It would be most Quixotic to send Horn any considerable portion of it; and I must insist upon your explaining to him that my own resolve is as firm as ever not to encourage his extravagances; nor is it, mind you, to be given to him as a bribe to secure us from annoyance. I, for my part, am not to be bullied by my own son; and he is not to come here—that is, not just now, because my health won't stand it—under any pretense whatever."

It was evident, notwithstanding his affected remonstrances, that Mabel's self-denying proposition was most welcome to her husband; and, indeed, though he was so averse to see his son, he was also almost as much disinclined to break with him openly. There had been scandals enough at the Hall already respecting this young man, and Mr. Winthrop did not wish them capped by a family quarrel. Perhaps, too, some sense of the uncertainty of his life might have moved him, thus far, toward reconciliation. At all events, his manner toward Mabel had not been so kind for months as it was now, or his peevish brow so smooth. "I will bring you an escritoire," said he, "to form at once your desk and bank in future;" and, accordingly, he presently returned with Mrs. Merthyr, the two pushing in that article of furniture between them. It seemed quite a pleasure to him to wait on Mabel.

"The money is in that drawer," said he; "and here is the key, if you really wish to play fairy godmother to this scape-grace; though I do believe, Mabel," added he, with a smile, as he left the room, "you are the first step-mother that ever acted that part."

Mabel opened the drawer and found herself the possessor of quite a little fortune—two hundred five-pound notes, or a thousand pounds.

Without quite appreciating the immense importance that this sum might possibly be to her, she felt very grateful to her husband for his thought and care in the matter. It by no means struck her that, situated as Mr. Winthrop was with respect to herself, to "put something by" was a mere act of duty, and far less that a thousand pounds was not so very much to save out of ten times that income. It seemed to her a treasure almost inexhaustible. Her husband had told her that it would be Quixotic to send her step-son any considerable share of it; but she felt that she was inclined to be Quixotic. She had no intention of bribing him to secure herself from annoyance, but it was the chief part of her plan to prevent Horn from harassing his father. She had no hopes of awakening any good feeling in him toward either her husband or herself; but if she could only secure peace and quietness—above all, freedom from his presence, and from the apprehension of it—she was prepared to make any sacrifice. With this view she framed her letter. There was no pretense of cordiality in her tone—that was out of the question—it was, in fact, where she referred to herself, one of armed neutrality, though she carefully sought to avoid giving the shadow of offense. Thus, when writing of his father, she abstained from all reference to herself, and spoke of his increasing infirmities like a doctor writing of his patient to his patient's son rather than a wife of her husband: she warned him that any moment might deprive him of his parent, and urged him to make some sign of reconciliation or amity while there should yet be time. The whole was as much removed from a "lecture" as it is possible to imagine. It was not even so much a remonstrance as an appeal. She touched with the utmost delicacy upon the money she was about to inclose. She would have much preferred to have described it as having been sent by Mr. Winthrop himself, but this she did not dare to do. She set forth, therefore, in plain words, the fact that, since no provision had been made for her by settlement, his father had placed a certain sum of money in her own hands; "of which, lest I should seem to have turned his bounty from its natural channel, I beg your acceptance of the inclosed."

There was not, of course, the slightest reference to that subject on the ground of which Horn had treated her so insolently; but, unfortunately, as it turned out, the amount she inclosed happened to be precisely the same with that of the anonymous gift she had received at Brackmere. The coincidence, however, did not strike her. She thought that one-fifth of her husband's present would not be so "considerable a portion" of it as to excite his disapproval if he should happen to make inquiry in the matter; while, considering that the remaining eight hundred pounds might be all that she (and hers) might have in the world (in which case Horn would be immensely rich), it seemed a sufficient proportion.

The letter was finished only a few minutes before post-time, and she sharply rang the bell, lest it should not be placed in the bag in time. Mrs. Merthyr, who was just now in a state of great though decorous anxiety about her young mistress, answered the summons in person.

"Dear heart! you put me quite in a flutter, madam," said she; "and to see you sitting up and writing there, after all, as brisk as a bee! You know, I suppose, by-the-bye, what you have been writing *upon?* That's my late lady's escritoire, as has stood in the master's room ever since her death. When he asked me to help him push it across into the boudoir, I never was so astonished in my life. There was no piece of furniture in all the house as she set such store by. It stands in its old place now: she never liked to have it out of her sight." The flourish of the post-horn without put a stop to the old lady's garrulity, and off she hurried with the letter; but she had already excited something of interest in Mabel's mind with respect to her late acquisition. That Mr. Winthrop should have made over to her this cherished relic was in itself curious. He had scarcely ever mentioned his late wife since the day when he had shown Mabel his sketch-book, and, indeed, it was understood at Wapshot that she was a topic to be avoided.

It was a handsome piece of furniture enough; but what struck Mabel most about it, now that she gave it her attention, was that it was precisely of the same description as one that had been given to her sister "Ju" as a marriage present. The donor, as often happens on such occasions, had not paid much consideration to the exigencies of the case, or he would scarcely have purchased such an "impediment" for a lady bound for Hong-Kong; and in the end it was left at Swallowdip, and sold with the other goods and chattels at the Rectory. But Mabel remembered it very well, and now went over every shelf and drawer in the somewhat complex arrangement of its duplicate with the same certainty as she would have used in the case of the original.

"I wonder, now," thought she, "whether I shall find the same little secret drawer, the existence of which poor papa predicted, and which frightened me so when it shot out?"

She sighed as she recalled the picture of her father, with his measuring-tape, and his boyish delight at the discovery, which put to shame and silence Fred's incredulous banter, and covered the science of mechanics with glory. She touched the hidden spring, and out flew the drawer like a miniature wagon from a pneumatic tube, and quite as swiftly. Such was the force with which the spring acted that a small square-folded piece of paper, which formed the contents of the drawer, was thrown into Mabel's lap, as though delivered by some impulsive postman, or (as she afterward half thought) by a spirit-hand. Without reflecting that the packet, being in so private a repository, might be of a private nature, she opened it. Within it was another inclosure containing a little tuft of hair—or, rather, a mere silver fluff of thistle-down, bound by a silken thread. "*My poor darling's hair*" was written within, and a date of about twenty years back. The handwriting she knew at once to be that of the late Mrs. Winthrop (Mrs. Merthyr had shown her some letters of that lady, which she highly treasured, although they were merely notes upon domestic matters, sent to the housekeeper when her mistress was from home); but the expression puzzled Mabel—"*My poor darling's hair!*" That was how a mother would speak of such a relic of her dead child's; but not only had she never heard of Mrs. Winthrop having lost an infant, but the date—if such consideration had been needed—made it evident that the words referred to Horn. This simple memento of a dead mother's love went to Mabel's heart. How sad it was to think that the child which, on its arrival, had doubtless seemed so great a blessing, should have grown up to wound the very heart it should have comforted! Heaven grant such misery might never fall to her own lot! Not without reverence did Mabel regard this little symbol of innocence and helplessness, though it had once belonged to one whom she had such cause to dislike and dread. For twenty years it had doubtless been a sacred treasure, the existence of which was known to his mother only; and not less dear, perhaps, had it become as further and further her son had wandered from guilelessness and love. Perhaps *that* was the explanation of those plaintive words, "*My poor darling's hair.*" Hopeless Pity and fruitless Care had dictated them.

With reverent fingers Mabel replaced this shining treasure, and was about to infold it as before, when she perceived for the first time that there was writing on the inside of the outer sheet also. There were only a few lines in dim and faded ink, tear-spotted, too, as the inner paper was; but they could not have rapt her attention more had they appeared in letters of fire upon her chamber wall.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NOT long since a generous lady of this city, thoughtful of the tedious hours spent by the helpless invalids in hospitals, presented a number of beautiful pictures to be hung on the walls of the wards in Bellevue Hospital. More recently—perhaps inspired by this example—the Commissioners of Charities and Correction have sent to Mr. Brennan, warden of Bellevue, two hundred lithographs and chromos to relieve the dullness of the hospital wards. The building, however, is large, and the wards many; but it is hoped that the public will soon furnish a sufficient supply. A single picture will be gladly received, and will help vary that dreary monotony which, in some cases, is harder to endure than acute pain. Making pleasant the home of the sick is a genuine charity.

When the present civil war is over Paris will scarcely be recognized by those who knew it years ago. The rioters madly destroy whatever they please. The Arc de Triomphe, that regal and picturesque structure, which was the wonder and delight of every traveler, has not escaped their fury. Alas! those who have seen the Paris of the past may congratulate themselves; those who have not must content themselves—it is too late now.

One hundred acres of land in Hanover were recently given to the New Hampshire Agricultural College for a farm. The giver, Mr. John Conant, now proposes to give $5000 for the purpose of erecting a hall upon it.

The work of widening the door-ways between the two wings of the Capitol at Washington will soon commence. The door-way leading from the old Hall of Representatives to the Rotunda can be enlarged but little, on account of the nearness of the columns to each other, but other passages will be greatly improved. The Rogers bronze doors are to be removed to the entrance from the eastern portico. During the recess the Hall is to have a new black-walnut floor and a new carpet, and is to be provided with similar mechanical ventilating apparatus to that provided for the Senate last fall, which has proved so effective.

Want of sufficient sleep is one great cause of sundry mental and bodily diseases. But if every one could learn to improve all odd moments in "cat-naps" as well as the late Colonel J. H. Tooker, proprietor of transportation lines on lakes and canals, it might be the saving of many busy brains who get only four or five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. The Colonel was early and late at his work, always busy; but if disengaged for a moment would instantly drop to sleep: standing at his desk, waiting to be served at table—no matter where—he would take a little nap. Yet all the time he appeared to know what was going on, and any interesting conversation would at once attract his attention.

Nomenclature in journalism in the United States exhibits some curiosities. Among the oddities are: The *Shuttle*, the *Touchstone*, the *Outline*, the *Air-Line*, the *West Side*, the *New Creation*, the *Indian's Arcana*, the *Artery*, the *Industrial Plain*, the *How to make the Farm Pay*, the *Life-Boat*, the *Apollo*, the *Democratic Cable*, the *Evrekit*, the *Safeguard*, the *Wolvering Citizen*, and the *Bill-Poster*.

A quiet Massachusetts village was lately excited by the elopement of the wife of a sea-captain with her brother-in-law. The husband on learning of the elopement left his vessel, provided a home for his two children, and philosophically remarked that his errant wife need give herself no uneasiness, as he should not look her up.

The effects of the coal strike are observable in the great number of laborers on coal docks, canal-boats, steamers, and sail vessels who are thrown out of employment, to say nothing of thousands of boats, etc., lying absolutely idle. The suffering consequent must be great.

Elaborate preparations are being made in this city by a committee of citizens for a suitable reception of our august visitor, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia.

One of the largest receptions which ever took place in Washington was recently given by Earl De Grey at the quarters of the English High Commission. All the members of the Joint High Commission, the Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators, Representatives, eminent officers, and numerous prominent citizens were present. The yard attached to the house was for this occasion converted into a conservatory, rare plants being tastefully arranged, and the walls hung with evergreens, and intertwined with American and British flags. National airs of both countries were played by the band, and there was much sociability among the guests. The entertainment was elegant.

A singular accident occurred at the Hoosic Tunnel a short time ago, by which four men were instantly killed and one seriously injured. The usual blast was about to take place in the enlargement of the tunnel, all necessary arrangements having been made, when suddenly the electricity from the thunder-shower which at the time was in progress exploded the charges, with the result above stated.

The funeral of the infant Prince Alexander John Charles Albert, third son and sixth child of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was of the simplest character, being conducted with comparative privacy. Only those persons connected with the royal estate were admitted into the park at Sandringham, where the funeral took place. The coffin of the infant Prince bore the following inscription:

ALEXANDER JOHN CHARLES ALBERT,
third son of
ALBERT EDWARD AND ALEXANDRA,
Prince and Princess of Wales,
Born April 6, 1871,
Died April 7, 1871.

The pathway from the garden gate to the church-yard was lined on each side by the laborers, workmen, and cottagers on the estate, and near the church-yard were a score or two of children belonging to the Princess's schools, who were dressed in scarlet capes, etc., the presents of the Princess of Wales. The demeanor of all present was devout in the highest degree. The procession moved on from the house to the church with no accompanying tolling of bells, the only public intimation of what was going on being that the flags were half-mast high on the towers of the Sandringham and King's Lynn churches, the Grey Friars' Tower, and some other places. This account—given in the London *Daily News*—conveys a different impression from an announcement of the death of the infant prince given in a favorite journal of the poor of England, *Reynolds's Newspaper*, as follows: "We have much satisfaction in announcing that the newly born child of the Prince and Princess of Wales died shortly after its birth, thus relieving the working-classes of England from having to support hereafter another addition to the long roll of state beggars they at present maintain."

When Alexandre Dumas died he was in debt to his publishers over 100,000 francs. His son offered to pay the indebtedness, but the firm declined, saying they had made enough from the great novelist's works without any claim upon his estate.

The students of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, issue every fortnight the *Orient*—a lively little sheet, which is commended to the alumni for partial support.

In Searsport, Maine, there used to be a good old deacon, who deemed it his duty always to encourage his pastor by his presence at church. Out of 2600 consecutive Sundays he was in his pew 2598 of them, and his excuse for failing to be in his place on those two Sabbaths was absence from town. The good man's seat is vacant now, and not many like him remain to fill it.

Among queer advertisements is that of a lady who desires a laundress who is willing to take her pay in lessons on the guitar. What a scene for an artist! The lady with her guitar keeping time to the music of the wash-board and wringing-machine!

No more graceful compliments were ever exchanged in public than once passed between Judge Story and Edward Everett at a public dinner in Boston. The Judge, as a voluntary toast, gave the following: "Fame follows merit where Everett goes!" The gentleman thus delicately complimented at once arose and replied with this equally felicitous impromptu: "To whatever height judicial learning may attain in this country, there will always be one Story higher."

From the recent Land Office report it appears that the total area of the United States is 2,290,000,000 acres. Of these, 455,000,000 acres had passed into the ownership of States, corporations, or individuals before the establishment of the Land Office, leaving 1,835,000,000 acres at the disposal of the nation at large. Of these latter, 439,000,000 acres have been disposed of at various times up to November 1, 1869, and 1,396,000,000 remained then to be disposed of.

In the firm belief that none of our readers will abuse the information, we venture to mention that an exchange says that it is now impossible to construct a burglar-proof safe; for the thief, with his cylinders of compressed hydrogen and oxygen, can in a few seconds burn holes of any size in the hardest metal, his fire drill enabling him in a few minutes to work his way into the strongest safe that was ever constructed. This is one of the disadvantages of the advance of science.

"His Grace of Fifty-five Umbrellas" is one of the high dignitaries of Yeddo, Japan. We are not informed whether the "Lord of a Hundred Fans" is of still higher rank, or whether the "Supreme Controller of the Golden Poodles" does not have authority over both of them. Strange titles those Japanese indulge in!

The Boston *Times* is rather hard on Boston lawyers in the following story: The other day an old lady entered the office of a distinguished man of law, leading a vicious-looking youth. She said,

"Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him."

"The boy appears rather young, madam," said the lawyer. "How old is he?"

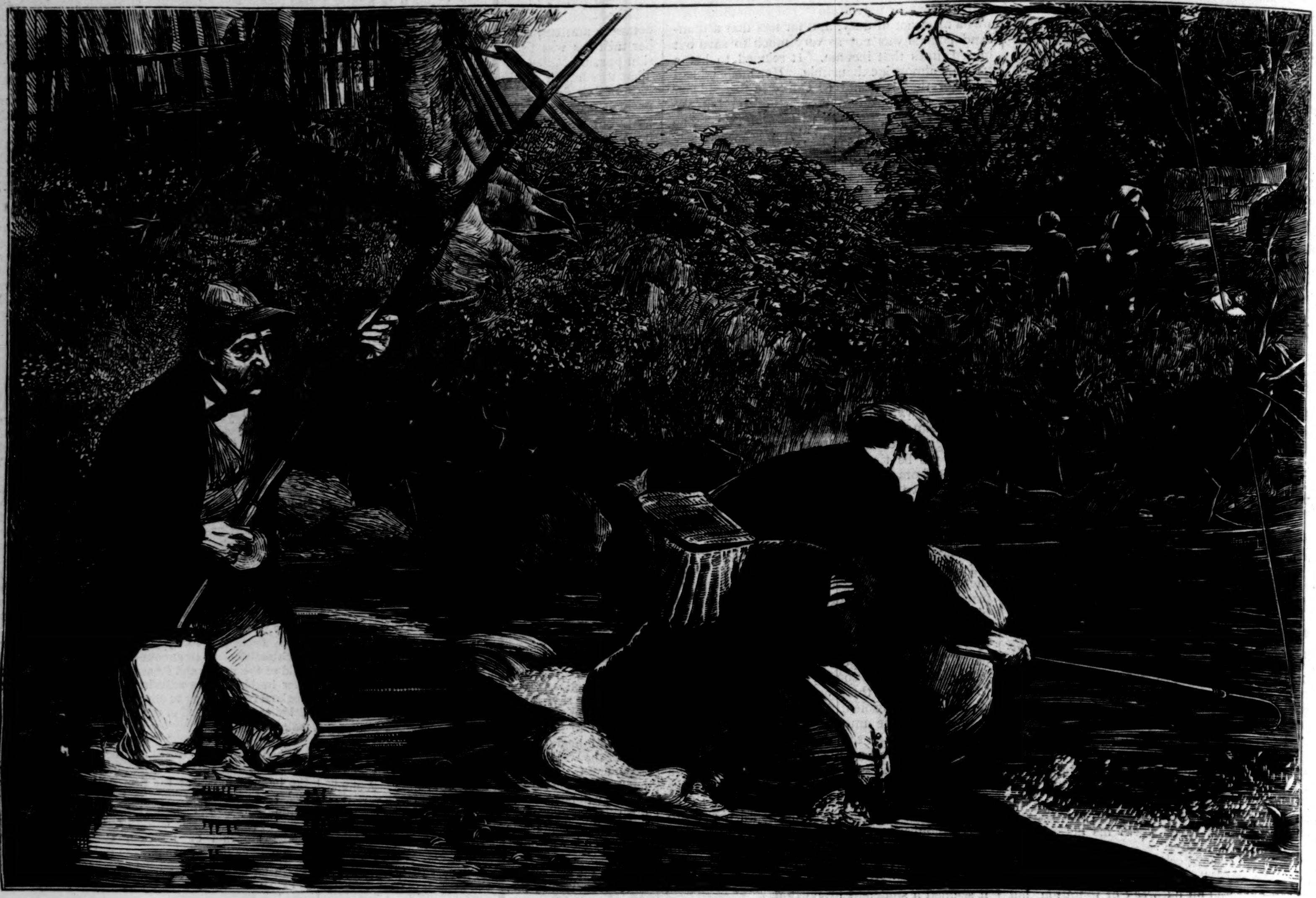
"Seven years, Sir."

"He is too young—decidedly too young. Have you no older boys?"

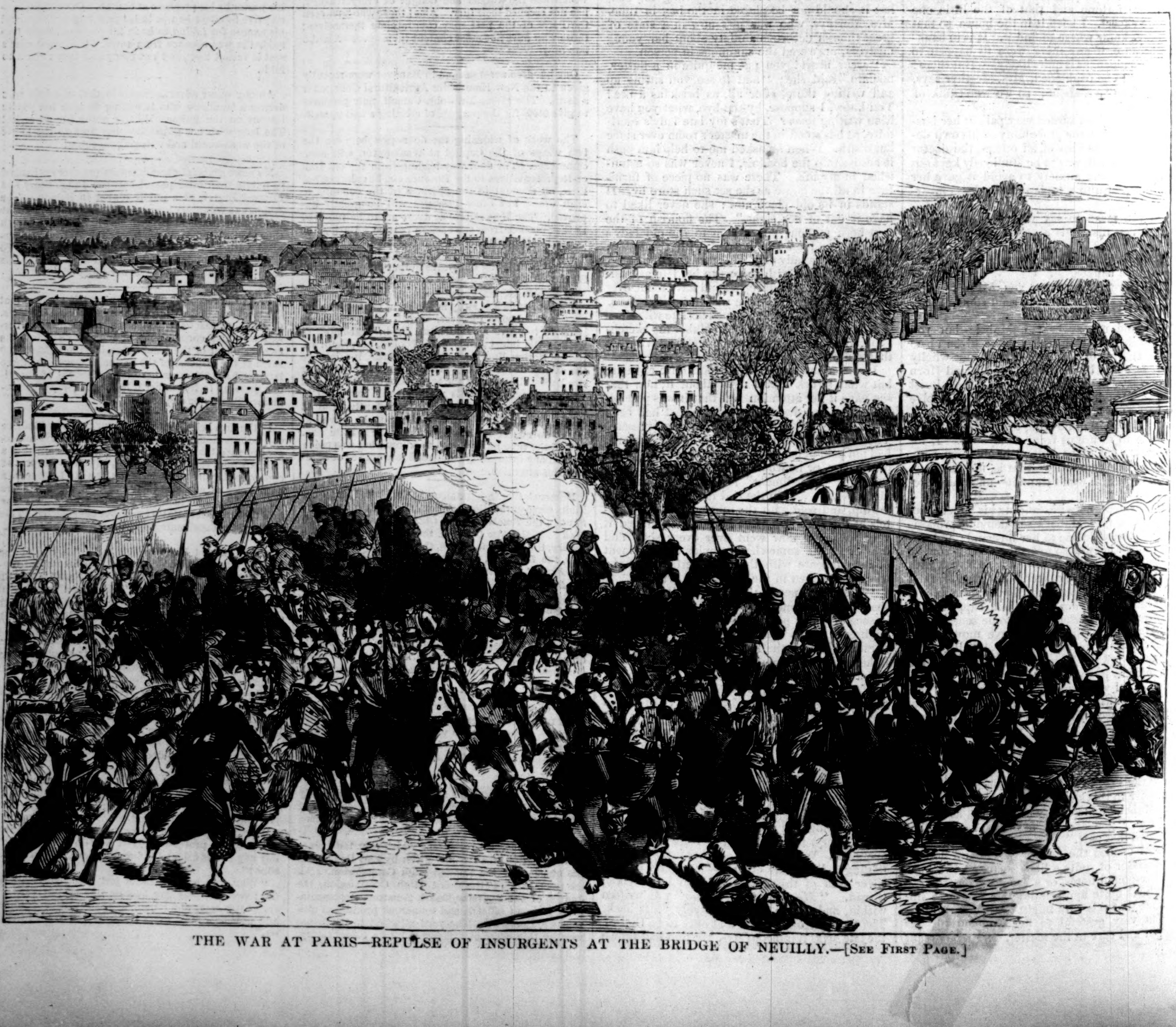
"Oh yes, Sir, I have several; but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told my old man I thought this little fellow would make a first-rate lawyer, and so I called to see if you would take him."

"No, madam; he is too young yet to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy any better calculated for a lawyer than your other sons?"

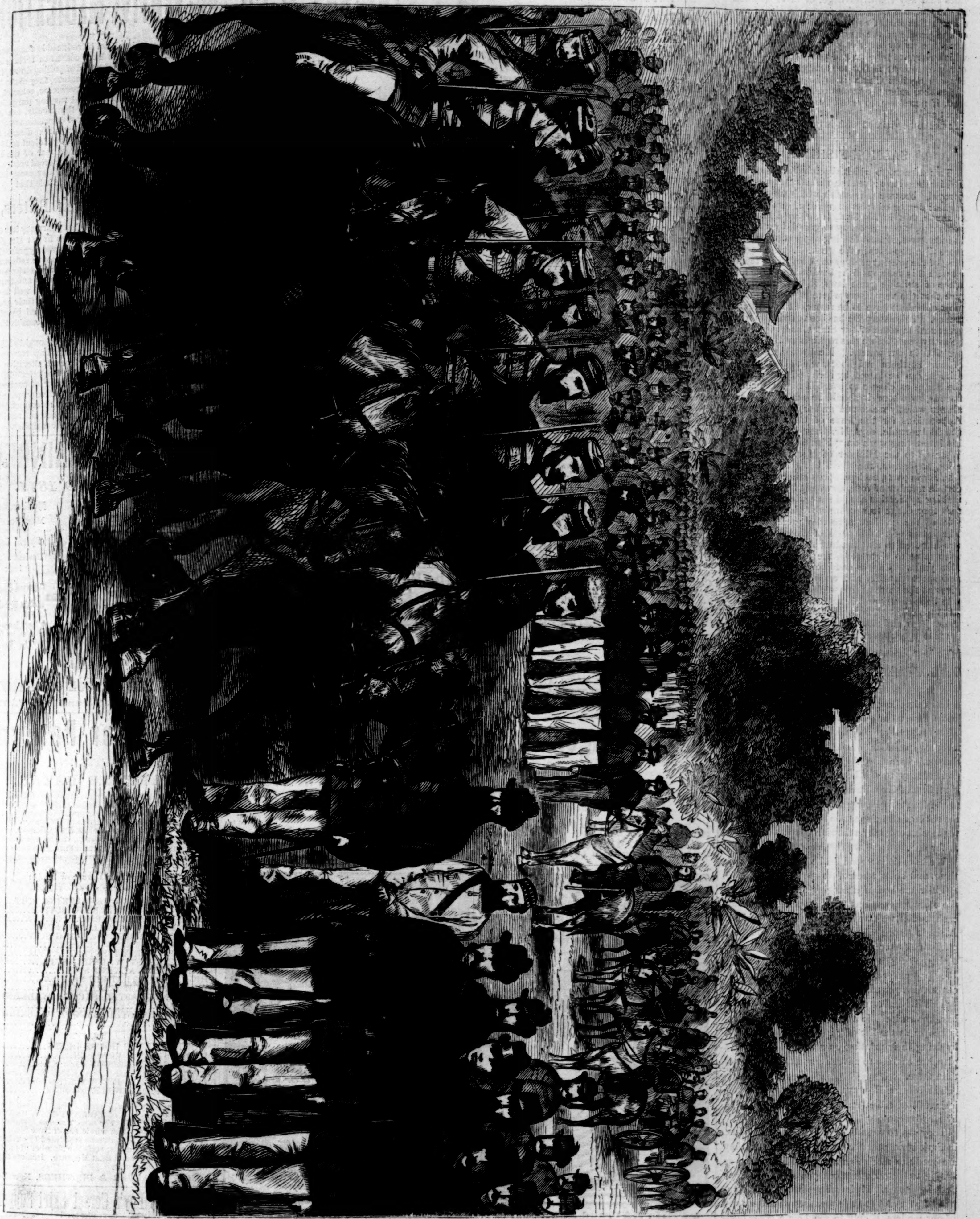
"Why, you see, Sir, he is just seven years old to-day; when he was five he'd lie like all natur; when six he was sassy and impudent as any critter could be; and now he'll steal every thing he can lay his hands on."



SALMON-FISHING.—[See Page 438.]



THE WAR AT PARIS—REPULSE OF INSURGENTS AT THE BRIDGE OF NEUILLY.—[See First Page.]



MUSTER OF ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS AT SHANGHAI.

A CRISIS IN CHINA.

We give on this page a sketch of a body of volunteers organized for self-defense by the British residents of Shanghai. Horse, foot, and artillery are all represented, and, taken all in all, there is not a finer or more business-like body of men to be found in the world. The effective strength of the corps is about five hundred, of all nationalities, but chiefly, of course, English, many of them old volunteers at home. The corps, though nominally formed out of the nucleus of an old volunteer corps, is of quite recent formation, but the efficiency of organization and general military bearing of the men is said to be excellent.

The necessity for such an organization as this becomes apparent when we reflect that the European residents of China are a mere drop in the ocean of humanity, and that a sudden panic or superstitious terror might at any moment, as at Tien-tsin, turn the seething multitudes around them into bands of raging wolves. Even now, if the news from Shanghai may be trusted, the situation is precarious. The light punishment inflicted upon the perpetrators of the Tien-tsin massacre seems to have emboldened the ignorant and fanatical masses of the empire to insist upon a return to the old system of exclusiveness maintained for so many centuries. The popular rage is principally directed against the missionaries, and especially against some of their most benevolent works. To counteract, in a measure, the common crimes of the abandonment and murder of children, the Sisters of Charity established foundling asylums; and the belief went abroad among the superstitious people that these quiet though zealous women were engaged in a wholesale slaughter of the innocents, enticing the little ones from their homes, snatching them up in the streets, digging out their eyes for purposes of witchcraft, and converting their hearts and livers into medicines of mysterious power.

The imperial government at Pekin has, it seems, been driven by the popular clamor to reverse its recent policy, and bid defiance to all the foreign powers. It has made a demand upon the foreign embassadors that schools for the education of females be abolished, that the teaching to male subjects of the empire of all doctrines opposed to those of Confucius be forbidden, that missionaries shall be considered Chinese subjects, and that women shall not be permitted access to the empire in that capacity. It is also notified to the embassadors that the attendance of women upon religious service was one of the occasions for the recent massacres of foreigners, and that though those events can not but be deplored by the imperial government, compensation for their commission is absolutely refused.

This is nothing less than the repudiation of all treaty obligations, and the proclamation of a crusade against Christianity. The missionaries, deprived of the protection of their own flags, can be punished with the utmost severity and cruelty for a violation of the decree forbidding them to instruct male subjects of the empire in the Christian religion. The consequences of this action can not fail to be very serious, and may even involve our own government in a war with China. Our treaty of 1858 with China recognizes the right of "any person, whether citizen of the United States or Chinese convert," peaceably to "*teach* and practice the principles of Christianity" within the dominions of the emperor without interference or molestation. It exempts American citizens from the jurisdiction of Chinese courts. It guarantees to Americans the protection of the Chinese authorities against "all insult or injury of every sort." And, finally, it provides that any right, privilege, or favor granted by the Chinese authorities to the people of any other nation shall freely inure also to the benefit of the people of the United States. The BURLINGAME treaty expressly reaffirms the article which refers to religion and persecution. While our government is not to engage in a religious crusade against China, it is bound to see that rights thus solemnly guaranteed are maintained, and, if necessary, to teach the Chinese government and people by force that treaty obligations are not to be violated with impunity.

SALMON-FISHING.

THE salmon, to which the inhabitants of the British Isles have given the epithets "noble" and "royal," because it is a fish which affords the highest degree of sport in angling, was once so common that in England, less than a hundred years ago, it was necessary to guard, by a clause in indentures, against feeding apprentices with it more than two days in the week. At the beginning of the present century our own rivers teemed with this delicious fish; but, owing to the absence of suitable game laws, it has become so rare that the very rivers where it was formerly most abundant have to be restocked by artificial means. This enterprise has been carried on with great zeal in some of our States, and it will not be many years before this royal fish will be again plentiful in our waters. Meanwhile the rivers of our northern neighbors, which teem with salmon, can be leased by such sportsmen from the States as choose to overbid their Canadian friends, by whom, it should be added, they are always warmly welcomed and liberally treated. Applications for the lease of Canadian rivers should be made, says Mr. GENIO C. SCOTT, in his interesting work on "Fishing in American Waters," to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, at Ottawa, the rivers being let either in whole or in parts, each part permitting the use of a certain number of rods, generally four. Parties making application should state what number of rods they desire to accommodate, and on which side of the St. Lawrence they prefer a river. The leases of fluvial parts of rivers vary from two hundred to six hundred dollars a year for from three to eight rods, the leases to run for nine years. Canoes and provisions are cheap, and sport plentiful and exciting. Mr. SCOTT gives as the score of five weeks' fishing in a certain Canadian river, 279 salmon, weighing nearly 3116 pounds. The only annoyances are the mosquitoes and flies; but with proper care the genuine sportsman can afford to laugh at such trifles.

THE SCIENCE OF ADVERTISING.

A SUCCESSFUL newspaper publisher remarked a short time since that very few of his patrons know how to advertise to the best advantage. They rush pell-mell into print, paying high prices for poor positions, when, by consulting advertisers of experience, they could learn how to use their money to the best advantage. The eminent firm of GEO. P. ROWELL & Co. are entitled to the thanks of business men for placing within the reach of all information which will enable one to place an order for a thousand papers as readily as for one.

We have done a good deal of business through them, and know whereof we speak.

Their method of arranging all the papers of the country in sections, with the price per line for each section, we have found especially convenient. A single glance will show that the rates on these published lists are exceedingly low. For instance, a charge of $70 per line is made for a list of 1500 papers for a month. This is less than five cents a line per month for each paper.

This list embraces many daily papers and the best-known local journals. There is also what is known as the list of "inside" papers, which, by doing their printing on a sort of community plan, are enabled to advertise at rates even lower than these.

The Messrs. ROWELL publish several periodicals, full of tables and figures, worth studying by all who contemplate advertising.

They are now established in their new rooms, in Park Row, over the *Times* office, where they are ready to receive calls, and will be found as willing to bestow attention upon small orders as upon large ones. Their arrangements are so complete that a visit to their premises will repay any of our readers, if only to see how a great business can be quietly, yet at the same time thoroughly performed.—*N. Y. Methodist*, April 29.

WE send single Waltham Watches by express to any part of the United States, and allow the purchaser to open the package and examine the watch before paying the bill. Send for our "*Price-List*," which gives full particulars, and please state that you saw this advertisement in *Harper's Weekly*.—HOWARD & Co., No. 865 Broadway, New York. All prices reduced since February 1.—[*Com.*]

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CLOVERINE, for cleaning Silks, Satins, Laces, Gloves, Sewing Machines, etc. It is an agreeable substitute for Benzine, possessing none of its offensive properties, but all its useful ones in a superior degree. BENJ. B. ROTTON & Co., Brooklyn P. O. (Box 120). Price, 15 and 25 cents per Bottle.—[*Com.*]

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WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA will cure CONSUMPTION. Try it!—[*Com.*]

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HIS CASE HOPEFUL.

All Henry Ward Beecher's sufferings from spasmodic rupture since he was taken in February of last year have been continued and exaggerated by his irritable temper and violent freaks. About the time he was first taken he wrote to Dr. Sherman, suggesting the application of a truss, but not understanding the anatomy of the parts, mistook the place where the truss should be applied.

Dr. Sherman, seeing Mr. Beecher's error, at once took his case in hand, and, notwithstanding his repeated applications, Mr. Beecher, from recent developments, is still quite bad.

Dr. S. is most sanguine in eventually curing Mr. Beecher's breach, though his rupture is of that spasmodic character that affects the heart and mental organization to an alarming extent. Strangulated rupture is equaled only by hydrophobia, but Mr. Beecher's case will hardly result in that. Avoiding what he has indulged in, with a composed mind, will do much toward preventing it. Mr. Beecher's tenacity in sticking to Dr. Sherman is the best proof of his interest in the Doctor's abilities.—*Daily Press.*

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And TAN, use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by Druggists every where. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York.

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Made to Order and Warranted to Fit.

Sent by express, C. O. D., to any part of the country, at the following rates:

6 Shirts,	Good Muslin and Linen Fronts	$9 00
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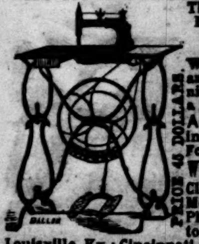

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APRIL, MAY, and JUNE purify the blood and beautify the complexion by using HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE-JUICE PILLS, and HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

In the Spring and Summer months the system undergoes a change. This is the time to use good blood-renewing, purifying, and invigorating medicines. "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla," and "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Grape-Juice Pills," are the best and most reliable.

One bottle of "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla" equals in strength one gallon of the syrup or decoction as made by druggists; and a wine-glass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated Lisbon Diet Drink—a delightful and healthful beverage.

The "Grape-Juice Pill" is composed of Fluid Extract of Catawba Grape-Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb. Useful in all diseases requiring a cathartic remedy, and far superior to all other purgatives, such as salts, magnesia, &c. "Helmbold's Grape-Juice Pill" is not a patented pill, put up as those ordinarily vended, but the result of ten years' experimenting and great care in preparation. Safe for and taken by children. No nausea; no griping pains; but mild, pleasant, and safe in operation. Two bottles of the "Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla" and one bottle of the "Grape-Juice Pills" are worth their weight in gold to those suffering from bad blood, poor complexion, headache, nervousness, wakefulness at night, costiveness, and irregularities; and to those suffering from broken and delicate constitutions it will give new blood, new vigor, and new life. The "Catawba Grape Pills" are done up with great care and in handsome bottles, and will surpass all those vended in wooden boxes, and carelessly prepared by inexperienced men, comparing with the English and French style of manufacturing. All of H. T. Helmbold's preparations are Pharmaceutical, not a single one being patented; but all on their own merits. Prepared by

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A radical change has been introduced in the practice of medicine. Physicians have ceased to torture and prostrate their patients. Instead of pulling down, they build up; instead of assaulting nature, they assist her. Cupping, leeching, blistering, venesection, calomel, antimony, stupifying narcotics, and rasping purgatives, once the favorite resources of the faculty, are now rarely resorted to even by the most dogmatic members of the profession. The old creed was that disease was something which must be expelled by violent artificial means, irrespective of the wear and tear of the vital organization in the process. The new creed recognizes the improvement of the general health as essential to the cure of all local ailments. Hence it is that

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Preventive medication was scarcely thought of then; but now it is considered of paramount importance, and the celebrity of the standard invigorant, alterative, and restorative of the age (a title which Hostetter's Bitters have fairly earned by their long career of success) is mainly due to its efficiency as a protective preparation.

A course of the Bitters is urgently recommended as a safe and certain antidote to intermittent and remittent fevers, diarrhœa, dysentery, and other maladies.

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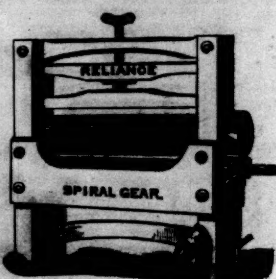

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Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	"	1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	"	5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	"	11
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For Bronzing and Gilding
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IN LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES.
Is easily and quickly applied on new or old articles, in all shades and colors, at a moderate expense.
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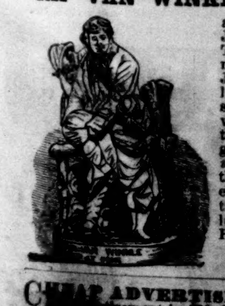

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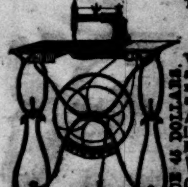

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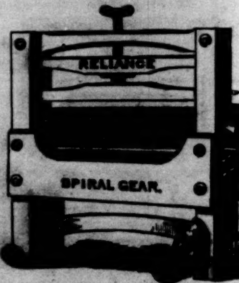

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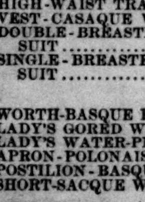

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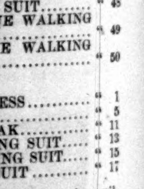

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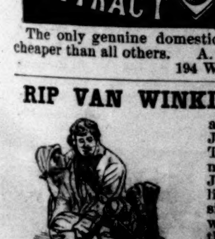

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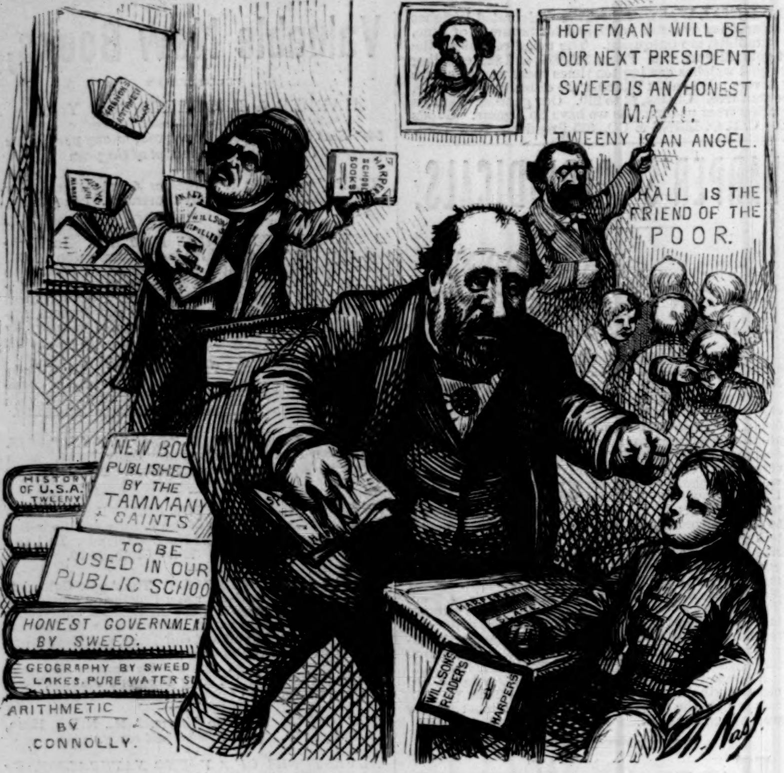
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Principal of debt, 1865	$2,755,995,275
Paid under Johnson	264,595,371
Principal, March 4, 1869	$2,491,399,904
Paid under Grant	223,083,673
Present public debt	$2,268,316,231
Interest charge, 1865	151,832,051
Reduced in four years by redemptions and funding 7.30 Notes	25,442,501
Interest charge, 1869	$126,389,550
Reduced in two years by redemptions	12,052,998
Present interest charge	$114,336,552

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the public debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding	$23,500,000

The whole proceeds of the new loans will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of $10,000,000 per month.

C. C. NORVELL,
In charge of advertising United States loans.

Treasury Office, New York, April 15.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER,

See what $25 will buy:

10 copies of New Hallowed Songs;
100 copies of Hallowed Hymns (its companion);
25 copies of Singing Annual (*all new*); Annual for 1871, just out.

Singing Guide, free on application.

PHILLIP PHILLIPS,
37 Union Square, New York.

WHY NOT get rid of that red, rough and freckled complexion, when it can be so easily exchanged for transparent and marble purity by the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm. Its effects are charming. Why not restore save and soften your hair, which is so certain to to be done if you use Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon, the best dressing in the world.

DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER

Is rapidly superseding all other preparations for producing *Elegant, Sweet* and *Wholesome ROLLS, BISCUITS, BREAD, Buckwheat* and other *Griddle Cakes. Perfectly Pure* and *Reliable*, and *always ready* for *immediate use.* The *CHEAPEST Baking Powder in the WORLD,* and it *WILL KEEP ON LAND OR SEA, in any climate, for years.* It is well adapted to the use of *Housekeepers, [illegible], Mariners, Emigrants, &c.,* and is in fact, in *every respect, the BEST YEAST POWDER* made *"for the Kitchen, the Camp, the Galley."*

SOLD BY GROCERS & DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

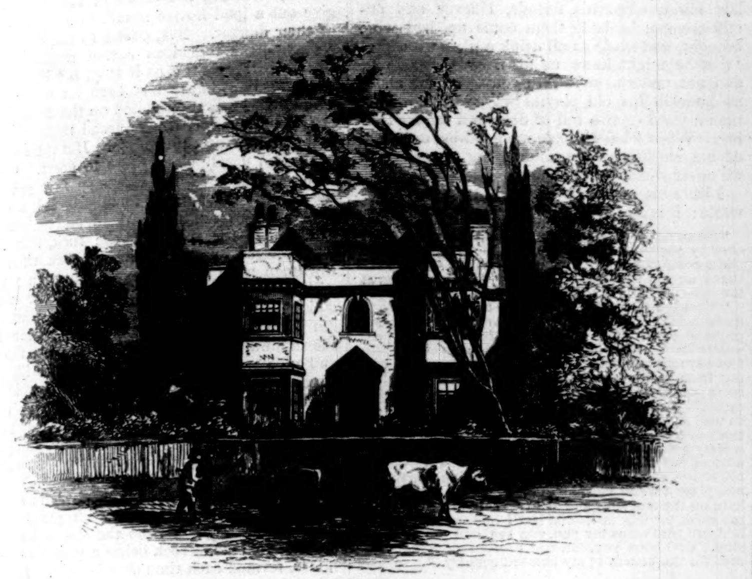
Manufactured by DOOLEY & BROTHER,
69 NEW STREET, NEW-YORK.

DENTISTRY.—Teeth extracted without pain. *Fourteen* years. Gas administered. Beautiful set teeth, $20. Plumpers for thin lips and hollow cheeks a specialty. J. Jay Villers, 155 Grand St., near Broadway.

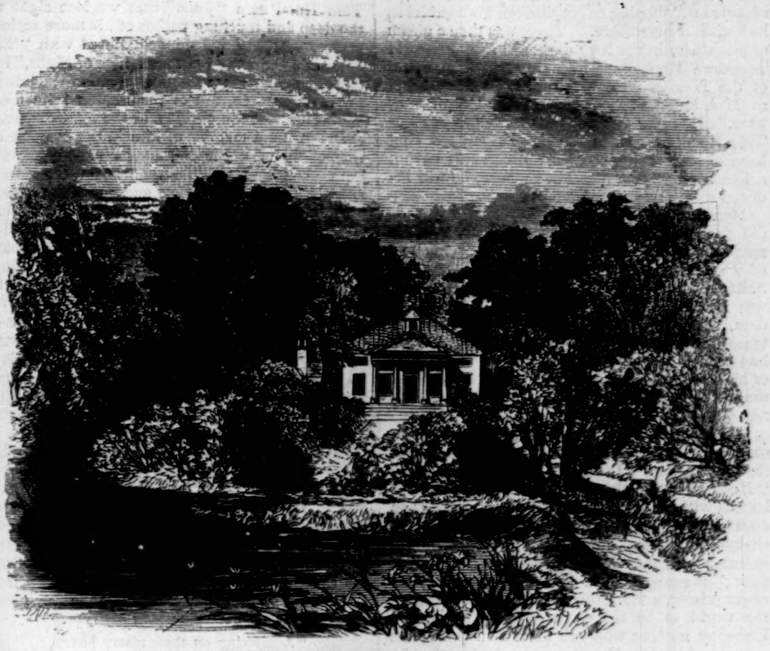
MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

THOMAS HOOD.

By S. C. Hall.



HOOD'S RESIDENCE AT WINCHMORE HILL.



HOOD'S RESIDENCE AT WANSTEAD.

WHEN I first knew Thomas Hood, his star was but rising; when I saw him last, he was on his death-bed; his forty-six years of life from the cradle to the grave having been passed in so weak a state of health that day by day there was perpetual dread that at any moment might "the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken." Continual bodily suffering was not the only trial to which this fine spirit was subjected. The world heard no wail from his lips; no appeal for sympathy ever came from his pen; his high heart endured in silence; and without a murmur of complaint he died. Yet it is no secret now that for many years he had a fierce struggle with poverty; enjoying no luxuries, and few comforts; his "means" derived from "daily toil for daily bread." A skeleton stood ever beside his bed, mocking his "infinite jest and most excellent fancy;" converting into a succession of sobs those "flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar." At the time when nearly every drawing-room, attic, and kitchen—when every class and order of society—was made merry and happy by the brilliant fancies and genuine humor of Thomas Hood, he was enduring pain of body and anguish of mind. Nearly all his quaint conceits, his playful sallies, and his sparks from words were given to the printer from the bed on which he wrote, propped up by pillows: continually, continually, it was the same, up to the day that gave him freedom from the flesh.

Yet it was a genial and kindly spirit that dwelt in so frail a tenement of clay. Although his existence was a long disease rather than a life, he was singularly free from all cumbrance of bitterness and harshness. Feeling strongly for the sufferings of others, he was entirely unselfish, ever gracious, considerate, and kind. Though perpetually dealing with the burlesque, he never indulged in personal satire. We find no passage that could have injured a single living person. Never did his wit verge upon indelicacy; never did his facetious muse treat a solemn or sacred theme with levity or indifference.

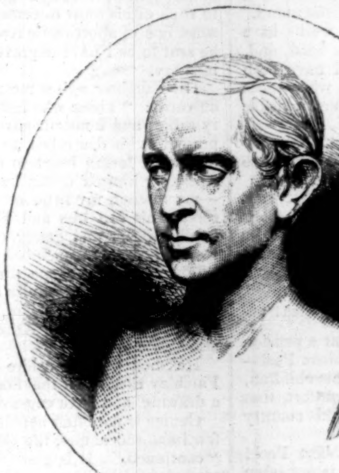
In old Brandenburgh House there was once a bust of Comus; the pedestal, according to Lysons, bore this inscription: it comes in so aptly when writing of Hood that I quote it:

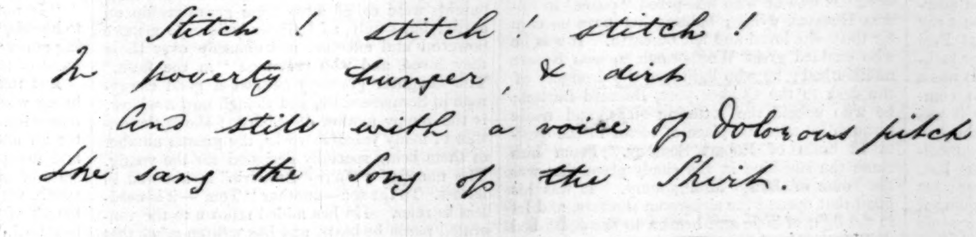
"Come, every muse, without restraint;
Let genius prompt and fancy paint;
Let wit and mirth, and friendly strife,
Chase the dull gloom that saddens life;
True wit, that, firm to virtue's cause,
Respects religion and the laws;
True mirth, that cheerfulness supplies
To modest ears and decent eyes."

The world has, however, done justice to Thomas Hood; and it is *not* "deaf to the voice of the charmer." Reason, no less than Holy Writ, will tell us we plant that we may reap; that the knowledge of good or evil done is retained in a state after life; that death can not destroy consciousness. We learn from the Divine Word that our works do follow us. Humanity is—and will be as long as men and women can read or hear—the debtor of Thomas Hood.

"Why come not spirits from the realms of glory
To visit earth as in the days of old—
The times of ancient writ and sacred story?
Is heaven more distant? or has earth grown cold?

"To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given,
When other stars before the One grew dim?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison?
Or where exalting martyrs raised the hymn?"





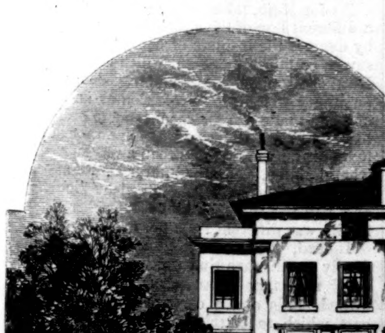
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty hunger, & dirt
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the Song of the Shirt.

1st June
1844 }

Thos. Hood

PORTRAIT OF HOOD, AND FAC-SIMILE OF HIS HANDWRITING.

Hood was born "a cockney," on the 23d of May, 1799, in the Poultry, close to Bow Bells. His father dwelt there as one of the partners in a firm of publishers—Verner, Hood, and Sharpe. He was articled to his uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, an engraver, and seems to have worked a while with the burin; but the specimens he has given us, however redolent of humor and rich in fancy, do not supply evidence that he would have excelled as an artist. It is obvious, indeed, that he did not "take" to the profession, for he deserted it early, and became a man of letters, finding his first employment in 1821, as a sort of sub-editor of the *London Magazine.*



THE HOUSE IN WHICH HOOD DIED.

One who knew him in his childhood described him to me as a singular child—silent and retired—with much quiet humor, and apparently delicate health. I knew another friend of his youth, a Mr. Mason, a wood-engraver, who told me much of the "earlier ways" of the boy-poet; that when a mere boy, he was continually making shrewd and pointed remarks upon topics on which he was presumed to know nothing; that while he seemed a heedless listener, out would come some observation which showed he had taken in all that had been said; and that, when a very child, he would often make some pertinent remark which excited either a smile or a laugh.

He married, on the 5th of May, 1824, the sister of his "friend" Reynolds. It was a happy marriage, although both were poor; and it was "Love" who was "to light a fire in their kitchen." She was his companion, counselor, and friend during the remainder of his troubled life—the comforter in whom he trusted; in mutual love and in mutual faith realizing, all through their weary pilgrimage, the picture drawn by another poet:

"As unto the bow the cord is—
So unto the man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless one without the other."

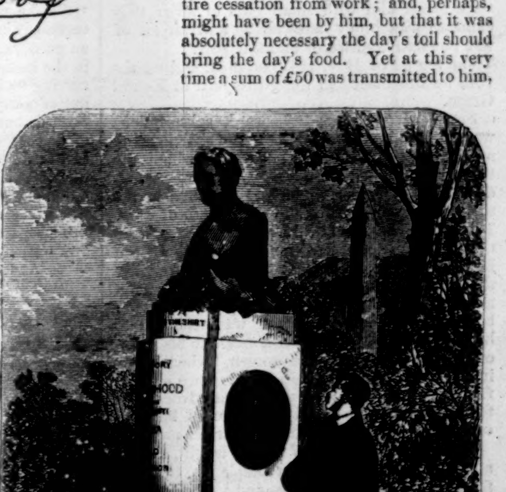
When first I knew them they resided in chambers, No. 2 Robert Street, Adelphi. While writing for the *London Magazine* his labors must have been remunerative, for he removed from his "lodgings" in the Adelphi (where a child was born to him, who died in infancy), first to a pleasant cottage (then called "Rose Cottage") at Winchmore Hill (where his daughter Fanny—Mrs. Broderip—was born), and not long afterward to a really large house at Wanstead—"Lake House"—with ample "grounds." He lost a considerable sum in some publishing speculation; and that loss early in his career was the cause of his subsequent embarrassment. At Lake House the younger "Tom" was born. It was originally the Banquet Hall of Wanstead House (Wellesley Pole's mansion), and there was a lake between the two—now dwindled to a ditch. Both these dwelling-houses of the poet I have engraved.

His connection with the *London Magazine* led to intimacy with many of the finer spirits of his time, who appreciated the genius and loved the genial nature of the man. Foremost of those who exchanged warm friendship with him was Charles Lamb.

Owing mainly to his ill health, he and his wife went but little into society; so, indeed, it was at all periods of their lives. Comparative solitude was, therefore, the lot of the poet. But the sacrifice implied little of self-denial. With wife, children, and friends, he could easily be made content; and although no doubt fully appreciating praise, he never had much appetite for applause.

His long residence abroad—at Coblentz and Ostend—was, in a degree, compulsory. His publisher was a craving creditor—if, indeed, he ever was really a "creditor" at all, which I have reason to doubt. It was not without difficulty his return to England was effected in the year 1839. My intercourse with him was renewed in the small dwelling he occupied at Camberwell. He was there to be near his kind friend, Dr. Robert Elliot (brother of Dr. William Elliot, both of whom dearly loved the poet), "a friend in need and a friend in deed."

It is in no degree necessary to my purpose to pass under review the works of Thomas Hood. They were very varied—novels, poems (serious as well as comic)—filling seven volumes (exclusive of the two volumes of "Hood's Own"), collected by his daughter and his son. Nearly the whole of these were written not only while haunted by pecuniary troubles, but while under the depressing influence of great bodily suffering. So it was with the merriest of his poems, "Miss Kilmansegg," composed during brief intermissions of bodily pain which would have been accepted by almost any other person as sufficient excuse for entire cessation from work; and, perhaps, might have been by him, but that it was absolutely necessary the day's toil should bring the day's food. Yet at this very time a sum of £50 was transmitted to him,



THE TOMB OF THOMAS HOOD.

without application, by the Literary Fund. Hood returned it, "hoping to get through his troubles as he had done heretofore." There was then a gleam of brightness in the long-darkened sky. In 1841 Theodore Hook died, and Hood became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine.* "Just then," as Mrs. Hood writes, "poverty had come very near." He removed from Camberwell to 17 Elm-Tree Road, St. John's Wood. He did not long keep his editorship, however: differences having arisen between him and Mr. Colburn, he was induced to start a magazine of his own.

Meanwhile, an accident, totally unanticipated, did that which years of labor had not done—made him famous. In the Christmas number of *Punch*, in 1843, appeared the "Song of a Shirt." It ran through the land like wildfire; was reprinted in every newspaper in the kingdom, although anonymous; and there was intense desire to know who was the author. He had been so long absent from the active exercise of his "calling," that when the poem burst upon the world, there were many to whom the writer's name was "new."

In January, 1844, *Hood's Magazine* was issued. He labored like a slave to give success to that speculation. It was in a melancholy sense "Hood's Own:" there was a "proprietor," but he was without "means;" there was an effort to do without a publisher; printer after printer was changed; the magazine was rarely "up to time;" vexation brought on illness; he "fretted dreadfully;" there was alarm as to the solvency of his co-proprietor, a man who had "lived too long in the world to be the slave of his conscience." Unhappy authors who are their own publishers—lords of land in Utopia—will take warning by the fate of Thomas Hood and his "speculation" for his own behoof. It was a failure, and therefore his; had it been a success, no doubt it would have become the property of a publisher.

The number for June—the sixth number of *Hood's Magazine*—contained an announcement that on the 23d of May he had been striving to continue a novel he had commenced; that on the 25th, "sitting up in bed, he tried to invent and sketch a few comic designs, but the effort exceeded his strength, and was followed by the wandering delirium of utter nervous exhaustion." Two of the "sick-room fancies" were published with the June number: the one is "Hood's Mag."—a magpie with a hawk's hood on; the other, "The Editor's Apologies," is a drawing of a plate of leeches, a blister, a cup of water-gruel, and three labeled vials; suggesting, according to some writing underneath, the sad thought by what harassing efforts the food of mirth is furnished, and how often the pleasures of the many are obtained by the bitter suffering and mournful endurance of the ONE.

Yet three of the pleasantest letters he ever penned were written soon afterward to the three children of his dear and constant friend, Dr. Elliot.

He rallied, however, sufficiently to resume work for his magazine, and many valued friends were willing and ready to help him—authors who were amply recompensed by the knowledge that they could thus serve the author of "The Song of a Shirt." "I must die in harness, like a hero or a horse," he writes to Bulwer Lytton on October 30, 1844. Death was drawing nearer and nearer, but before its close approach there came a ray of sunshine to his death-bed—Sir Robert Peel granted to him a pension of £100 a year, or rather to his widow, for she was almost so. It was a small sum—a poor gift from his country in compensation for the work he had done; but it was very welcome, for it was the only boon he had ever received that was not payment for immediate toil—"toil hard and incessant" to the last. He was dying when the "glad tidings" came; yet in the middle of November, 1844, he "pumped out a sheet of Christmas fun," and "drew some cuts" for his magazine. He was, as he said, "so near death's door that he could almost fancy he heard the creaking of the hinges!" His friends were about him with small gifts of love: they came to give him "farewells;" and for all of them he had kind words and thoughts.

On the 3d of May, 1845, he died, and on the 10th he was buried in the grave-yard at Kensal Green.

Some seven years afterward, subscriptions were raised, chiefly owing to the exertions of a kindred spirit, Eliza Cook (with whom the thought originated), and a monument was erected to his memory, designed and executed by the sculptor, Matthew Noble. On the 18th of July, 1854, it was unveiled in the presence of many of the poet's friends, Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton) "delivering an oration" over the grave that covered his remains. To raise that monument, peers and many men of mark contributed; but surely even higher honor was rendered to him—a yet purer and better homage to his memory—by the "poor needle-women," whose offerings were a few pence, laid in reverence and affection upon the grave of their great advocate—a fellow-worker, whose toil had been as hard, as continuous, and as ill rewarded as their own.

In person Hood was of middle height, slender and sickly-looking, of sallow complexion and plain features, quiet in expression, and very rarely excited so as to give indication of either the pathos or the humor that must ever have been working in his soul. His was, indeed, a countenance rather of melancholy than of mirth: there was something calm, even to solemnity, in the upper portion of the face, seldom relieved, in society, by the eloquent play of the mouth, or the sparkle of an observant eye. In conversation he was by no means brilliant. When inclined to pun, which was not often, it seemed as if his wit was the issue of thought, and not an instinctive produce, such as I have noticed in other men who have thus become famous; who are admirable in crowds; whose animation is like that of the sounding-board, which makes a great noise at a small touch when listeners are many and applause is sure.

We have been so much in the habit of treating Tom Hood as a "joker" that we lose sight of the deep and touching pathos of his more serious poems. All are, indeed, acquainted with "The Song of a Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs," but throughout his many volumes there are poems of surpassing worth, full of the highest refinement—of sentiment the purest and the most chaste.

In writing a memoir of him in the "Book of Gems," for which, in consequence of his absence from England, I received no suggestions from himself, I took that view; and some time afterward I received from him a letter strongly expressive of the gratification I had thus afforded him. His nature was, I believe, not to be a punster, perhaps not to be a wit.[*] The best things I have ever heard Hood say are those which he said when I was with him alone. I have never known him laugh heartily, either in society or in rhyme. The themes he selected for "talk" were usually of a grave and sombre cast; yet his playful fancy dealt with frivolities sometimes, and sometimes his imagination frolicked with nature in a way peculiarly his own. He was, however, generally cheerful, and often merry when in "the bosom of his family," and could, I am told, laugh heartily then; that, when in reasonably good health, he was "as full of fun as a school-boy." He loved children with all his heart; loved to gambol with them as if he were a child himself; to chat with them in a way they understood; and to tell them stories, drawn either from old sources, or invented for the occasion, such as they could comprehend and remember.[†] There was more than mere poetry in his verse—

"A blessing on their merry hearts,
Such readers I would choose,
Because they seldom criticise,
And never write reviews!"

Literature was, as he expresses it, his "solace and comfort through the extremes of worldly trouble and sickness," "maintaining him in a cheerfulness, a perfect sunshine, of the mind." Well might he add, "My humble works have flowed from my heart as well as my head, and, whatever their errors, are such as I have been able to contemplate with composure when more than once the Destroyer assumed almost a visible presence."

Poor fellow! He was longing to be away from earth when I saw him last; struggling to set free the

"Vital spark of heavenly flame;"

lying on his death-bed, watched and tended by his good and loving wife, who survived him only a few brief months:

"She for a little tried
To live without him—liked it not—and died!"[‡]

But he lived long enough to know that a pension had been settled upon her by Sir Robert Peel—a pension subsequently continued to his children, and *which they still enjoy.* That comfort, that consolation, that blessing, came from his country to his bed of death!

Honored be the name of Sir Robert Peel! great statesman and good man! It is not often that men such as he sit in highest places. Let Science, Art, and Letters consecrate his memory! It was he who whispered "peace" to Felicia Hemans, dying; bidding her have no care for those she loved and left on earth. It was he who enabled great Wordsworth to woo Nature undisturbed; he who lightened the drudgery of the desk to the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton; he who upheld the tottering steps, and made tranquillity take the place of terror in the over-taxed brain of Robert Southey. From him came the sunshine in the shady place that was the home of James Montgomery. It was his hand that opened the sick-room shutters, and let in the light of hope and heaven to the death-bed of Thomas Hood.[§]

Whether it be or be not true that Addison sent for his step-son, Lord Warwick, to his death-bed, "that he might see how a Christian could die," certain it is that the anecdote is often quoted as an encouragement and an example. We have, in the instance of Thomas Hood, such a case occurring under our immediate view, closing a life, not of glory and triumph, not of prosperity and reward, but of long-suffering in body and mind, of patient endurance, of humble confidence, of sure and certain hope, in the perfectness of holy faith. Ay, he was tried in the furnace of tribulation; and his battle of life ended in according, while receiving, "Peace."

These are the last lines he wrote:

"Farewell, Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthly odor grows—
I smell the mould above the Rose!

"Welcome, Life! the spirit strives,
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows of the morn—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom—
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapors cold—
I smell the Rose above the mould!"

In one of the letters I received about this time from his true and faithful and constant friend, Ward,[*] he writes to me: "He saw the on-coming of death with great cheerfulness, though without any thing approaching to levity; and last night, when his friends, Harvey and another, came, he bade them come up, had wine brought, and made us all drink a glass with him, 'that he might know us for friends, as of old, and not undertakers.' He conversed for about an hour in his old playful way, with now and then a word or two full of deep and tender feeling. When I left he bade me good-by, and kissed me, shedding tears, and saying that perhaps we never should meet again."

I have his own copy of the last letter he ever wrote: it is to Sir Robert Peel:[†]

"DEAR SIR,—We are not to meet in the flesh. Given over by physicians and by myself, in this extremity I feel a comfort for which I can not refrain from again thanking you with all the sincerity of a dying man, at the same time bidding you a respectful farewell.

"Thank God, my mind is composed, and my reason undisturbed; but my race as an author is run. My physical debility finds no tonic virtue in a steel pen, otherwise I would have written one more paper—a forewarning against an evil, or the danger of it, arising from a literary movement in which I have had some share; a one-sided humanity, opposite to that catholic, Shakspearean sympathy which felt with king as well as peasant, duly estimating the mortal temptations of both stations. Certain classes at the poles of society are already too far asunder. It should be the duty of our writers to draw them together by kindly attraction—not to aggravate the existing repulsion, and place a wider moral gulf between rich and poor—hate on the one side, and fear on the other. But I am too weak for this task—the last I had set myself. It is death that stops my pen, you see, and not my pension. God bless you, Sir, and prosper all your measures for the benefit of my beloved country!"

Almost his latest act was to obtain some proofs of his portrait, recently engraved, and to send one to each of his most esteemed friends, marked by some line of affectionate reminiscence. The one he sent to us I have engraved at the head of this memory.

His daughter writes me thus of his last hour on earth: "Those who lectured him on his merry sallies and innocent gayety should have been present at his death-bed, to see how the gentlest and most loving heart in the world could die! Thinking himself dying, he called us round him—my mother, my little brother, and myself—to receive his last kiss and blessing, tenderly and fondly given; and gently clasping my mother's hand, he said, 'Remember, Jane, I forgive all—*all!*' He lay for some time calmly and quietly, but breathing painfully and slowly; and my mother, bending over him, heard him murmur faintly, 'O Lord, say, Arise, take up thy cross, and follow me!'"

He died at Devonshire Lodge, in the New Finchley Road. Of that house we have procured a drawing, and have engraved it.

Genius is not often hereditary. There are but few immortal names, the glory of which has been "continued." It is gratifying to know that the seed planted by Thomas Hood and his estimable wife has borne fruit in due season. Their son and daughter were but children when both their parents were called away from guardianship on earth; but surely, as I firmly believe, to a more powerful and effectual guardianship over those they loved, and who remained "in the flesh." The daughter (Fanny) wedded a good clergyman in Somersetshire, and though now a widow, is the happy mother of children: she is the author of many valuable works, the greater number of them being specially designed for the young. The name of "Fanny Broderip" is honored in letters. To the son—another "Tom"—it is needless to refer. He has added renown to the venerated name he bears, and has written much that his great father himself might have owned with pride. They have had a sacred trust committed to them, and so far have nobly redeemed it.

In this Memory of Thomas Hood I have printed his last letter, and quoted his latest words. They are such as must, in the estimation of all readers, raise him even higher than he yet stands. The world owes him much; Humanity is his debtor; and who will not exclaim, borrowing from another poet,

"The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew
Upon thy grave, good creature?"

---

[*] Talfourd thus pictures him: "Hood, so grave, and sad, and silent, that you were astonished to recognize in him the outpourer of a thousand wild fancies, the detector of the inmost springs of pathos, and the powerful vindicator of poverty and toil before the hearts of the prosperous."

[†] The son and daughter have preserved and printed some of these "impromptu" stories.

[‡] In one of his letters to his wife he thus writes: "I never was any thing, dearest, till I knew you; and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail."

[§] I refer in this passage only to those who are the subjects of my "Memories;" but to this list may be added the names of Tytler, Forbes, Owen, Sir William Hamilton, M'Culloch, the widow and daughters of the artist Shee, the widow of the painter Haydon, the poet laureate Tennyson, the widow of Sir Charles Bell, the "destitute" daughters of Principal Robertson, the botanist Curtis, the widow of London, and probably others, of whom I have no knowledge. These were, or are, all participants of that state bounty which the country enables a minister to dole out to its worthies.

[*] F. O. Ward, who, at the age of sixteen, distinguished himself by a work on Osteology; who has invented many useful processes, especially in connection with paper-making; and who, in the *Times*, drew great and active attention to the state of the London sewers, and the state of intramural church-yards. He edited Hood's magazine "for love" during Hood's illness.

[†] This letter has been printed since Mrs. Broderip gave me the copy. It is so pregnant a sermon that it can not be too often in print.

BUILDING A LIGHT-HOUSE.

THE building of a light-house is almost always a perilous undertaking. We all know the sad yet romantic story of the first Eddystone Light-house—how, on one November night, in the year 1703, just as it had been completed, a terrible hurricane blew it away, leaving not a wreck behind, and how Mr. Winstanley, the noble-hearted Essex gentleman who had built it, perished, with his workmen, on that awful night. The later resources of engineering science have made the task of building light-houses less dangerous than formerly; but even now it is slow and arduous work. The last light-house built is that upon the Wolf Rock, which is situated about nine miles southwest of the Land's End. The surface of this rock is very rugged; consequently, to land upon it is at all times a very difficult matter. As it is, moreover, in deep water (about twenty fathoms on all sides), and exposed to the full force of the Atlantic Ocean, a terrific sea falls upon it, as may readily be supposed. The name Wolf, as applied to this rock, seems to be of recent date; for in the old maps of the time of Queen Elizabeth and Charles II. it is marked the "Gulph" Rock. Cornish people explain the new name on the strength of a tradition that an attempt was once made to plant on its summit the figure of an enormous wolf, made of copper, and hollow within; and so constructed that the mouth, receiving the blasts of the gale, should give out a loud hoarse sound, to warn mariners of their danger. But, owing to the fury of the elements, the ingenious notion could never be carried out. Be this as it may, the building of the new light-house has been no child's-play. The light was first exhibited on the 1st of January, 1870, and has since burned regularly every night, from sunset to sunrise. But the structure has taken nearly eight years to erect. On the 17th March, 1862, the workmen first got upon the rock, to cut out the foundation; but owing to the insecurity of the foot-hold, and the constant breaking of the surf over the rock, stanchions were obliged to be fixed in the rock where the workmen were digging, and each man worked with a safety-rope lying near him, one end of which was attached to the nearest stanchion. An experienced man was always stationed on the summit as "crow," to look out for the sea, and give warning when a wave was likely to sweep over the rock; when the men would hold on, head to the sea, while it washed over them. Then, when the wave had passed over, and there was a temporary lull, picks, hammers, and jumpers, some over twenty pounds in weight, were frequently found to have been washed away. An additional danger to the men was in the necessary blasting of the rock with gunpowder—their only protection from the showers of shattered fragments of rock being a temporary pent-house, formed each time they landed. In building light-houses, the progress of the work must always depend upon the humor of the weather. Very often it is impossible to land on the rock at all; and when you do, you may often find a large portion of the last day's work washed away; and this has to be done all over again. In the eight working seasons occupied over the Wolf Rock Light-house, there were two hundred and sixty-six landings; and of time spent in labor, eight hundred and nine and a half hours—being about eighty-nine working days of ten hours each for the erection of the tower. In this light-house, a fog-bell, weighing five hundred-weight, is fixed on the lantern-gallery. It is struck by two hammers worked by machinery. For the purpose of giving the signal a distinctive character for the station, the machinery is arranged for striking the bell three blows in quick succession at intervals of fifteen seconds.

TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD.

BY ELIZA LYNN LINTON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

KEEPING HER HAND IN.

"IF mamma had only known!" sobbed Laura to herself, as she hid her face in her strong-smelling goose-feather pillow, and gave way to a fresh burst of tears.

But mamma had not known. She had left home when so young, and it was so long ago now—full thirty-five years—that she had forgotten all about things. Besides, she was too raw and inexperienced then to understand the true state of matters; and the large imagination of youth, with the transforming powers of love and length of time, had made all the past great and beautiful. Then, again, Mattie had married but poorly, at the best; and Isaac's untimely death, and the large family to bury or bring up, with which she had been left, had kept her ever straitened. And anxious like a true Cumbrian to lay by for a rainy day, as well as to pay her way now, she had cut every thing as close as might be, and had not been ashamed of any means whereby she could turn an honest penny or save one; so that she had insensibly drifted more and more into the mere peasant-wife, instead of to the other side—rising, as she may be might have done, into the half-genteel farmer.

As for Ruth, taken while still plastic into such a different line of life altogether, she had dropped by degrees the insignia of her original condition, save a certain racy accent which never leaves the Northern tongue. And as Mr. Calhoun had got on pretty well in his profession as an attorney, and had made a sufficient income to enable them to live in style while he was alive, though not to leave his only child more than a very modest sum when he died, Laura had never known any thing but a frivolous, superficial, fine-lady kind of life, and had not the faintest idea that her mother's family was different from her father's.

Indeed, she knew nothing of that mother's family at all, save that she was a "Cumberland lass," and that Grandpapa Postlethwaite had owned lands and a carriage (the green spring-cart, which to Ruth's youthful imagination had been as good a carriage as the best), horses, men-servants (the farm laborers), dogs (the sheep-dogs), cows, and, in short, an abundance of every thing. This was all that mamma would tell her, or that papa would allow her to know. If Jacob had disowned his daughter and misdoubted her honesty to the last, Mr. Calhoun disowned Jacob, and forbade his wife's keeping up any intercourse whatever with the old home. She obeyed him in so far that she never wrote directly to Fellneuk, but she wrote once every two or three years to the clergyman, old Priest Dayman; and he kept her secret and told her how things went on at her old home. So this was how she knew of Mattie and her marriage, and how it came about that, when Mr. Calhoun died, Laura was told the truth—at least what was meant to be the truth—of her mother's family, and made to consider Fellneuk, and by implication, Loanin' Head, gentlemen's estates, with all the luxuries and comforts of her own condition.

Had Ruth not died only a fortnight after her husband and before she had had time to get things straight, she would have brought the girl down to Loanin' Head herself, when she would have seen how far the reality was from the ideal, and how Sister Mattie had toiled and moiled herself into a rough and homely "scrat." But she died, poor soul, of bronchitis, and had only time to make her will, appointing Sister Mattie as the girl's guardian until she was of age, and bid her "go home," as the best she could devise for her. And, as we have seen, Laura obeyed her, and came to Loanin' Head in a spring-cart, driven by Cousin Mark in corduroys.

Sobbing now on her home-cleaned goose-feathers, wherein it would seem that all the pinions and drumsticks had been left, her dainty London possessions strewed about the shabby low-pitched room, with its uncleaned casement window, its rickety tent-bed hung with scanty dimity, its distorting swing-glass kept straight in its frame by pieces of paper, and perched on the top of an old-fashioned bureau—in the dark; its one slip of faded drugget across the black-oak floor—all bare, and miserable, and wretched—Laura seemed to have touched the very acme of her troubles. The wild moor was before her; beside her rose the rugged fell, made beautiful by summer and the moonlight; but she saw nothing of all this; her only cry was, "If poor mamma had but known!" and then came another; "If Captain Dormer ever finds it out!"

So the first evening and a long part of the night passed in tears, which made her feel sick and ill, poor child, and did no good to any one. With the morning came a fresh outpour of bewailing and disgust; but after a time she forced herself to reflect that she could do no good by all this weeping; on the contrary, it would only make her eyes red, and her face pale and ugly and haggard; that in her deep mourning she could not go out in London, even if she was there—and how could she be there at her age alone?—and that she had better set herself to bear as cheerfully as possible what she could not prevent—at least for the present. It was all very dreadful, certainly, and she was unfeignedly miserable; but somehow she made up her mind to get what amusement she could out of her queer position, and to turn it to the best account of which it was capable. It was an experience that was not pleasant, but it was an experience all the same; and she would write to Captain Dormer and make it all look as smooth as she could, never mind whether she kept to truth or not.

That they had been kind to her in their rough way did not touch her in the least, but the personal wisdom of cheerfulness, mainly for the sake of her good looks, did.

It was in a charming frame of mind, then, that she came down stairs at about half past nine; which she thought quite early, but which to Loanin' Head was something out of all bounds, and only to be justified on the score of ignorance or illness.

"Well, my bairn, and how's thee the morn?" was Mattie's motherly greeting, as the pretty London girl, in her fashionable London mourning, came, in her graceful, creeping way, through the door that shut off the steep stairs from the kitchen, looking as little like the place and its surroundings as a Venus among the field hands. "We'se letten ye lig, ye see. Sleep's a fine thing for t' young, and I'se glad ye've hed seccan a lang spell on't. An' now, what are ye for for yer breckfast? Can ye soop podish? Yer mither was aye a heavy han' at them! But I'se engage ye've not hed them oft in Lunnon? Are ye for tea, maybe?"

"Yes; tea, please, aunt," said Laura, who did not understand half that Mattie said, but who had made out that one word, at all events, and caught at it eagerly.

"Ye'll hev what ye've a mind to, my lass," was Mattie's hospitable answer; and then she bustled about and called Isabella, who had taken refuge in the dairy, and made her bustle about too, in her awkward fashion, till they had got Laura's breakfast ready, which they laid on the long oak table by the window, and set her the high chair—the master's chair. And what a chair! Good enough so far as the carving went, thought Laura, who was a critic in carving; but the cushion—or rather the bundle of snippets and ends of carpets and cloth tacked rudely together which went by that name! The poor girl shuddered, and wondered if a Cumberland farm kitchen was like to a London one, in certain respects; for if so— However, she sat down, and even ate a piece of oat-cake without visible disgust, as a propitiation to the lares of the establishment; and Mattie, telling her repeatedly to "tak' hauld," looked on approvingly, and thought again how much she favored bonny lile Ruth; and "nay, but she was reet pleased to hev her at Loanin' Heed!" she said at least half a dozen times, wiping her eyes at each repetition.

At noon Mark and t' lads came in for their meat; and this was more than Laura's philosophy could bear. So long as she had to do with Aunt Mattie, and even gawky, giggling Isabella, she could manage pretty well; but when it came to mixing up with coarse farm servants fresh from their work—no, that was beyond her! Under pretense of a headache, then, she left the house, and strolled away on to the moor in front of the kitchen windows.

"I doot, mother!" was all that Mark said, with a long look at the girl's slight figure as it stood in the sunlight and the breeze on the brown moor, in the most becoming attitude imaginable.

And Mattie looked after her too, and answered briskly, "She'll fettle oop in time, lad! Room wasn't built in a day!"

By-and-by Aunt Mattie found out what her fine London niece specially liked, and humored her; and Laura furbished up the mean and meagre parlor, and with the help of muslin and ribbon and bits of bright damask, and a new paper, and a new carpet, and a "sight of new-fangled farlies," as Isabella said, made it really quite smart and pretty, and fit for the summer retreat of even a London lady used to Bayswater and an occasional opera-box. And when she had finished all this she let it be understood that she considered the room as her own, where not even Aunt Mattie was to intrude without invitation; but where she did often graciously invite both Mattie and Mark, and even shock-headed Isabella, who never went unless she was obliged, and when she did go, giggled and stammered all the time, till she became fairly unintelligible. The rough Cumberland girl had not got used yet to her cousin, but was "downreet skeared" of her, and scuffled out of her sight whenever she had the chance. Mark too was never very forward or familiar, though Laura, born flirt as she was, "kept her hand in" by a thousand pretty little enticements, a thousand soft, seductive ways, and tender flatteries, and gentle sweet suggestions, till Mark's honest heart was all aflame, and his slow wits bewildered; for what did it all mean? and was he clean daft and mazled? and how could he, a mere Cumberland farmer lad, think such thoughts of a lady like Miss Lowra? The immediate result of Laura's queenship of the parlor, where she so often invited Cousin Mark, under pretense of wanting this little job done, or of knowing that little bit of natural history, was, that the honest lad, shy-like as he was, shrank from the pleasant danger with the timidity of a girl; and while longing to be forever at her side, bided less and less at home, till Mattie was like to mourn over the frequent absence of her favorite. To be sure, he went all the more to old Greystoke's at Whelpo, where lile Cuddy was 'prenticed to the joinering, and where Phœbe—Greystoke Phœbe—made him tea and girdle-cakes, or pressed on him snaps and gin, or maybe rum and milk instead, as the time of day or kind of weather suggested. And Mattie thought forever of Phœbe, and knew no one in all the country-side whom she would rather Mark would bring home to be her daughter than the rosy-faced, strong-armed, and capable young Whelpo lass.

That something was stirring in him was evident, else why did he take to cleaning himself so often as he did? And gude sakes! but he wore his bettermer clothes pretty nigh every day now; and my word! but he had grown parlous fond of flowers all of a sudden! Why, one market-day he brought from Carlisle in the cart as many as two dozen fine things, far too fine for Loanin' Head—geraniums and roses, and queer things with outlandish names, and planted them in a sheltered spot just before the parlor window. He had wrought early and late at that bit of garden. Mattie noticed Laura leaning out of the window talking to him; and she was perplexed thereat. Whatever was Mark thinking of, and which lass was he for? He humored Laura, and he went to see Phœbe; surely the lad was demented to be carrying on with both at once; and he'd have to be taken in hand by-and-by if he didn't learn himself, thought Mattie, a little sternly, as well as troubled.

Nutting-time had come. From Mattie Postlethwaite's first wedded year, it had been the practice for all the Loanin' Head folk to go over to Fellneuk for a day's nutting in Lady Coppice. While old Jacob had lived, and since his death, when young Jacob ruled in his stead, the custom had been kept up. And though Mattie was sorely fashed this year to know what to do about Laura, she would as soon have thought of breaking her baptismal vow as of breaking the old time-honored custom.

"Wil't come, bairn?" she said to her niece, as they discussed the weather and the chances of a fine day to-morrow—she, Isabella, who giggled as her share in the discussion, and bashful, blushing Mark—the trio having marched with some degree of solemnity into the girl's bower-like room. "Thou's gitten to see Fellneuk and thee Uncle Jacob, thou know'st, and mappen it's best dune at once."

Laura did not say nay, but still felt strongly enough that she would rather not see any other uncle or aunt on her mother's side; and that if Fellneuk was a second Loanin' Head, she had no desire to redouble her experience.

"Miss Lowra maybe willn't like t' woods," put in Mark, who would have given all the world that she should go, but who would not buy his pleasure by her pain. "They'se rough for them as isn't used."

"Oh, I sha'n't mind. If Aunt Mattie wants me to go, I am quite willing," said Laura, with the most enchanting complaisance, smiling at Mattie with that bewitching little face of hers which nothing but a heart of stone could resist.

"Ah! ye're a douce bit bairnie!" sighed Mattie, lovingly; "and yer cousin yonder'll loup ye ower t' bogs and slattery spots."

On which Isabella chuckled audibly, and put her fingers in her mouth as she looked at her brother, who blushed.

"I am sure you are very kind, and that Mark will do all he can to help me," said Laura, turning her dark blue eyes with a sudden flash full upon Mark's light blue ones, according to a way she had; and at her look Mark suddenly became quite pale, and turning face-about left the room abruptly.

"Weel! them's manners, or my name's Jack Robinson!" was Mattie's angry comment as her son walked away, while Laura smiled in sweet forgiveness, and Isabella started after her brother.

The next day was fine—one of those delicious days of early autumn or late summer which we have in the north to greater perfection than elsewhere throughout England. The sky was cloudless, save for a few light snowy curls that seemed to have been set against the heavens as an enhancement of the tender blue; the sky-larks were singing, as they soared by dozens over the moor; while the plaintive little pewit uttered its melancholy cry, running, with drooping wing, upon the grass. Every one was in happy humor. Even Laura forgot for the moment to speculate on her future, or to weave plans of how she could escape before her age of legal enfranchisement from the custody which was at once so loving and so distasteful. The spring-cart too did not seem quite so harsh and jolting as when she came over from Carlisle that miserable evening; and she had a greater sense of security, seated as she was closely pressed between Aunt Mattie and Mark, with Isabella on a "copy-stool" on the floor at the back. So that, altogether, it was really almost a pleasant drive—the London girl feeling, as she often did, as if she was acting a part in a charade, and that nothing of all about her was real. As for Mark, he remembered that day to the end of his life. He had not much poetry of nature or imaginative faculty, but what he had was called out to the full; and forever after that drive in the sweet sunshine by the fell-side road from Loanin' Head to Fellneuk, with Laura Calhoun by his side, her pretty eyes looking up into his as she asked him now this, now that, her bonny mouth smiling, and her soft voice falling like a shower of silver sound, was the first suggestion of heaven that he had, and made him feel capable of another life than the mere herding of beasts and shearing of corn at Loanin' Head.

Laura found her uncle Jacob—how she winced at the words!—a tall, grave, silent man, who looked at her steadily for a moment, said only, "And ye're Ruth's bairn?" as he gave her his huge hand, and shook hers sideways, but otherwise did not molest her, while his wife seemed rather abashed at the presence of so fine a lady; and beyond setting her a chair out in the very middle of the kitchen floor, and offering her first a glass of gin cordial, then some home-made ginger-bread snaps, with much pressing hospitality not to be "afeerd of them, but to tak hauld and mak hersel' welcome," left her pretty much alone. And as Mattie was occupied with "Jacob's Jane," this same sister-in-law, in comparing certain housekeeping notes, and Isabella and t' lasses were off on a special spree of their own, there was no one left but Mark to take care of his cousin. And presently he, feeling the weight of the honor and the responsibility, went up to where she was sitting in this odd stuck-up manner, and asked her if "she would coom out in t' coppy, and see what they'se like to git?"

"Yes," said Laura, rising with alacrity.

"Keeping her hand in" with handsome Cousin Mark—handsome undoubtedly, if also undoubtedly boorish—was better than sitting in the middle of the kitchen floor, under the slow but searching gaze of Uncle Jacob smoking his long clay pipe in the ingle neuk, while Aunts Mattie and Jane talked both at once in their native Doric about their pigs and their calves, and how they had "fettled oop t'ane, an' tewed ower t'ither a' that iver they had tewed." So she went out with Cousin Mark, and they strolled into Lady Coppice—Leddy-Coppy, he called it—to look at the nut trees and get the start of the rest in the day's work. And Laura thought she had never seen such a beautiful picture—of its kind—as Cousin Mark made when he swung down the tall strong branches for her to strip, his fair face flushed, his bright brown sunny hair shining as if of gold, and his blue eyes dark and tender with the new soul that had come into them through her.

And looking at him as a painter would have done, the devil entered into the soul of the woman and tempted her.

"Cousin Mark," she said, suddenly, with a half-plaintive smile, "I am afraid I am a great nuisance to you at Loanin' Head."

"You, Miss Lowra!" said Mark, who had not failed to notice the "cousin," and the tenderness of voice and face, "howiver in all t' world has that fancy gitten into your head?"

"Why, yourself, Cousin Mark."

"I, Miss Lowra! What hev I dune to mak ye feel owt but welcome—better nor welcome, at Loanin' Head?"

"Because you stay away so much. I hear Aunt Mattie notice it, and complain of it. And I think you stay away because I am there."

"Niver siccan a thing! niver! niver!" said Mark, with passionate energy. "A' I want is that ye suld feel yersel at hame like and comfortable at t' place, and that t' women folk sarra ye as they ought."

"Oh yes, nothing can be kinder!" said Laura. "It is only about you that I am troubled."

"Nay what! niver fash yersel aboot me, Miss Lowra! I'se due weel enough, I'll engage," Mark answered, huskily.

"You are so good!" said Laura, laying her small, white, ungloved hand on his.

What would not Mark have given to have clasped it, and kept it as his own! But it was as if a mortal should have asked a goddess to be his; and he let the pretty fingers lie there passively, with a heart that throbbed almost as if it would burst.

"What a fool he is!" thought Laura, smiling up into his face more sweetly than ever, and letting her hand slide caressingly over his.

Then they went on till they came to one of Mattie's "slattery spots," where a mountain torrent, crossing the wood path, had broadened out into a muddy pool, too wide for even Laura's light feet to jump across. Mark looked unutterable distress. He tried backward and forward, and this side and that side, like a faithful hound trying for a scent, but he was "fairlie bet" at the last, and had to own that he saw no way by which Miss Lowra could cross; and should they turn back?

"Oh no; don't let us turn back!" said Laura. Then holding out her arms a little raised, she said, half laughing, "Carry me across, Cousin Mark! I am not heavy, and you are such a nice strong fellow."

Giddy, half blinded, but with a feeling of sudden glory that made him something different from the Mark of ordinary days, the young man lifted her in his arms and carried her across the bog. And as he went Laura, looking down into his face, above which she was raised, bent her own till her lips touched his forehead, and her hair brushed his cheeks; he did not know whether it was an accident or by design. He would never have known had she not blushed in her turn—she had just so much grace—and said, in a light voice, "That was for toll, Cousin Mark!"

IMPERIAL PIETY.

The somewhat obtrusive piety of the new German Emperor-King is not so peculiarly an idea of his own as may be generally imagined. It may be remembered that, on the eve of the Crimean war, the late Emperor Nicholas concluded his manifesto with the well-known Latin words from the Psalms: "In te Domine speravi, non confundar in æternum"—"O Lord, in thee have I trusted, may I never be confounded." The self-complacent assumption of piety had, however, strangely different results. The ill luck of Nicholas broke his heart, and hurried him to the grave, while William marches back to Berlin a triumphant conqueror. So that, after all, it may be doubted whether the piety of either of these sanctimonious kaisers had much influence on their respective campaigns.

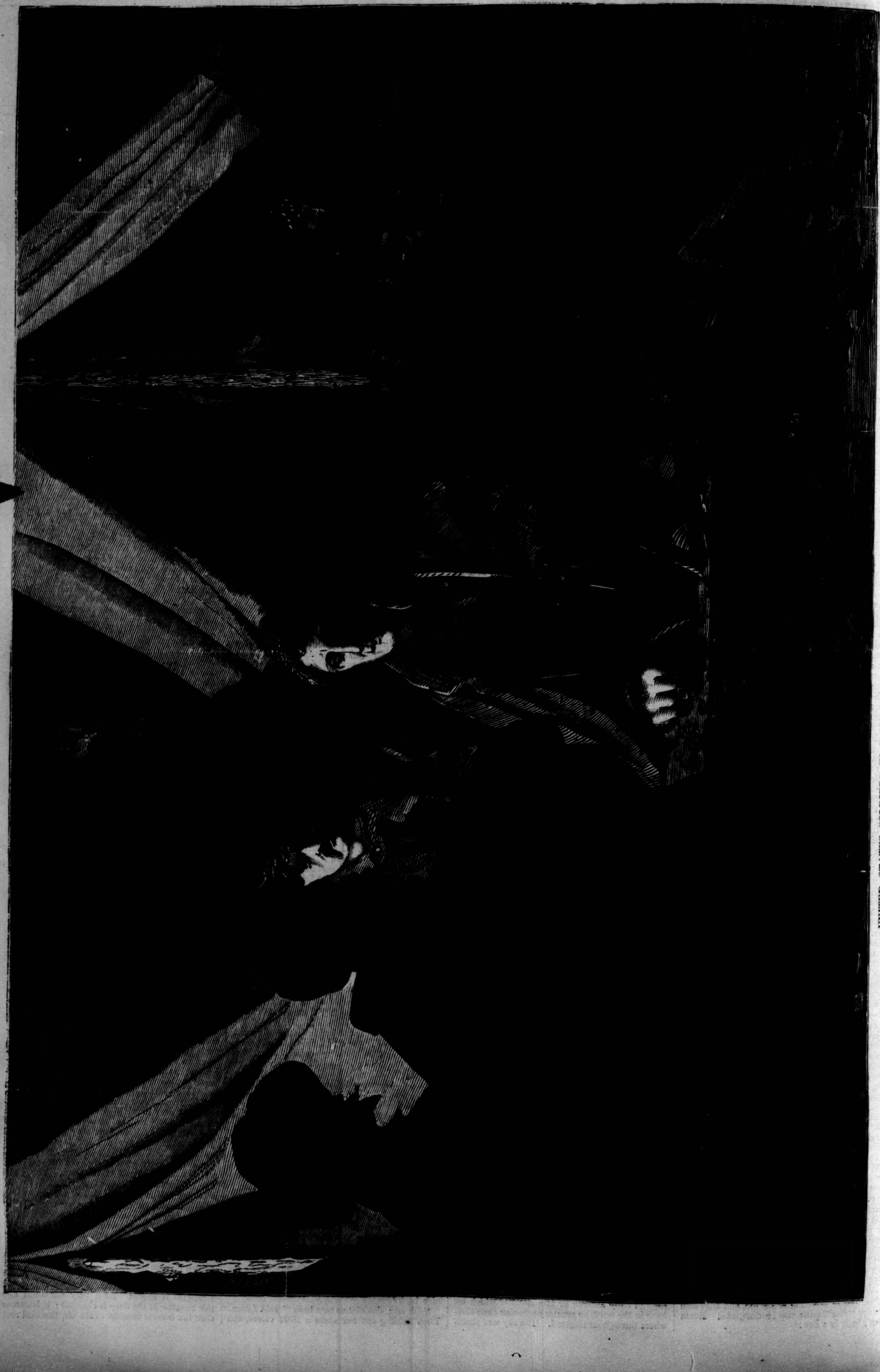
WONDERFUL WHALES.

In olden times strange stories were current about the peculiarities of whales, and among them the accounts of men swallowed by them hold a prominent place; but, unfortunately, the animal is so made that the mouth will easily hold a boat and its crew in its vast space, but the throat is too narrow to allow even a mackerel to pass. Nevertheless a great author, Fournier, reci[illegible] gravely, in his "Hydrography," the following story:

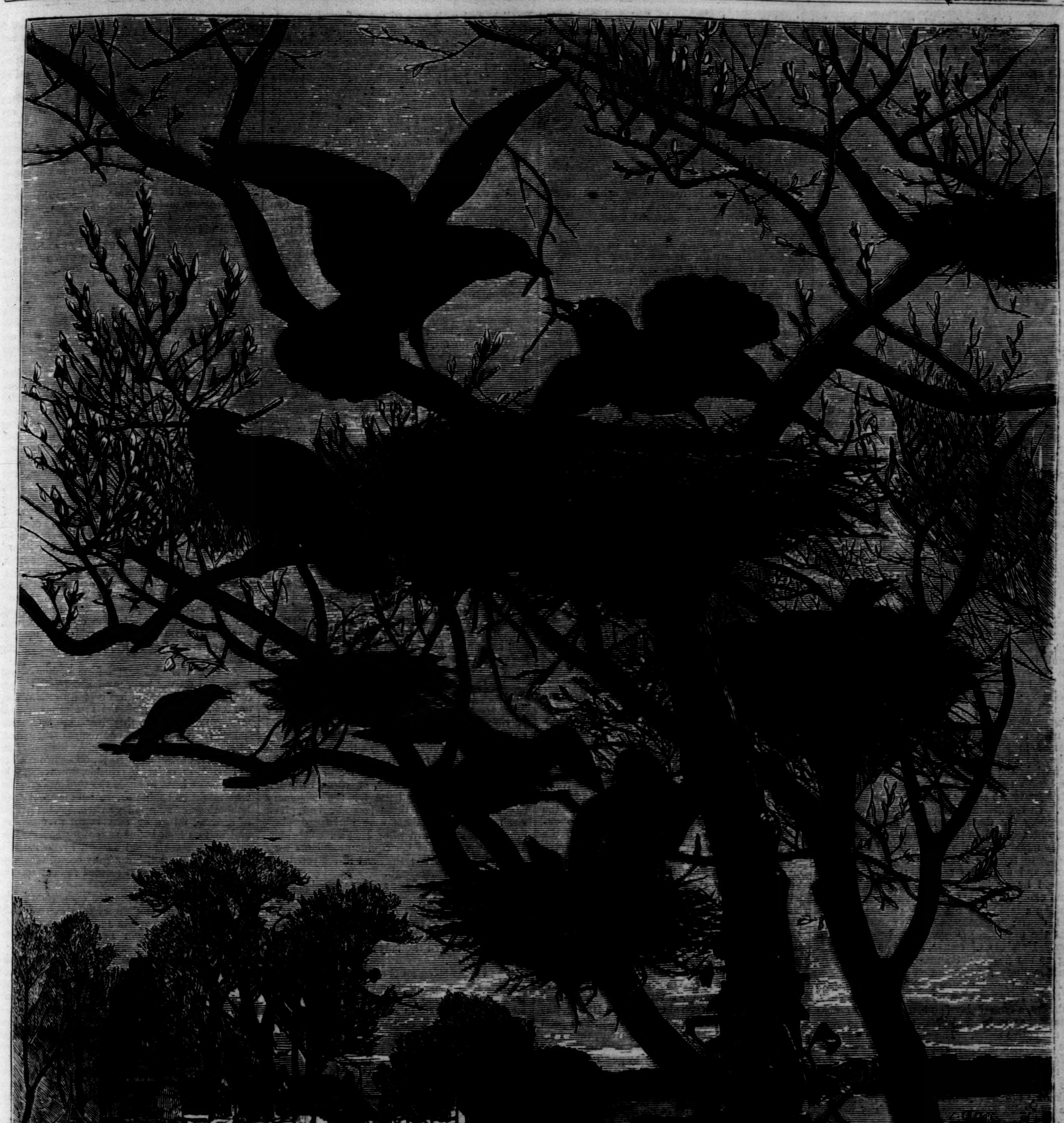
"During the reign of Philip II., King of Spain, there appeared in the great ocean a whale very different from all others in this, that he floated partly above the surface, and had large wings, by means of which he could move like a vessel. A ship encountered him, and broke one of these wings by a cannon-shot, whereupon the whale entered very stiffly through the Straits of Gibraltar, and, uttering horrible bellowings, went ashore near Valencia, where he was found dead. The skull was so enormous that seven men could stand in it, while the palate would hold a man on horseback: two dead men were found in the stomach, and the jaw-bone, seventeen feet long, is still to be seen in the Escurial."

Pliny already gravely informs us that there were in his times whales found in the Indian Ocean which measured nine hundred feet; they would, therefore, have easily filled a whole village. Not only romance-writers, but even naturalists of renown, like Gesner, in his work on Fishes (1551), have taken pleasure in representing whales as animals resembling islands, and in speaking of sailors who had landed unawares on their back, covered, as it was, with a mass of green algæ. St. Ambrosius and other saints came near being lost by such an error, if we believe the legends of the Church. The same amusing idea occurs in that delightful book, the "Arabian Nights," which, it is well known, was compiled from very ancient Arabic legends and manuscripts. "One day," says Sindbad the sailor, "as we were sailing along, a calm befell us near a little island. The captain ordered the sails to be furled, and allowed all who chose to go on land. I was among those who landed. But while we were amusing ourselves, eating and drinking, the island suddenly trembled, and gave us all a violent shock. It was a whale."

The fable spread rapidly, especially among nations who lived far from the sea, and had no means to verify the truth of such accounts by their own experience. They were all the more readily believed as, for generations, no other books were accessible to the masses but the Bible and Pliny; and both of these authorities spoke confidently of these monsters; the latter by name, the former, as was then universally believed, under the thin disguise of the leviathan. In the Orient, of course, greater exaggerations still were added, age after age, such as the utter ignorance of the seas prevailing among Eastern nations, and their high-wrought imagination, loved to invent and to hear. An ancient Jewish work, the Bara-Bathra, already speaks of a vessel which sailed three days over a whale, before it accomplished the distance between head and tail; and Arab authors loved to assert that the earth was actually resting upon a gigantic whale, whose occasional tremors were the cause of earthquakes. One day, they add, the Evil One approached the animal, and, laughing at the patience with which it had so long borne a useless burden, persuaded it to shake its backbone, and thus to rid itself of the load. The globe was just about to be shaken off, when, fortunately, some one informed Allah of the impending calamity, who hastened to the spot, and, after a long discussion, succeeded in exacting a promise that the whale would continue to uphold the earth a few thousand years longer. The Chinese are, as usual, not behind other nations in early and magnificent accounts of their own giants. In an ancient work of authority, called Tsi-hiai, they speak of a whale Pheg, which beats four hundred miles of ocean into foam whenever it moves. At a very advanced age this monster of the deep is changed; it becomes then the famous monster of the air, the bird roc.



UNITED STATES SOLDIERS IN CAMP ON THE PLAINS, NARRATING STORIES OF ADVENTURE.



REBUILDING.

REBUILDING.

THE attractive sketch on this page represents a colony of rooks eagerly engaged in rebuilding their nests in a grove that overlooks the ruin of a French château. It was burned by the Prussians during the recent campaign. We can imagine a member of the rookery, gifted with a turn for reflection, sitting apart from his companions for a moment's rest, soliloquizing in a strain somewhat like this:

"Caw! caw! How delightful it is, getting over the ground as the crow flies! And one can see so well all that is going on on the earth below. DARWIN, like a sensible biped, gives us birds the credit of having some little reasoning power; so do not be surprised if I plume myself upon having some opinions of my own upon passing events. At least you men must admit that you are below me in position, and that I can form my judgment from a high stand-point. I think that men are quarrelsome, destructive creatures. For the past half year or more, for some unaccountable cause, they have been slaying each other. In my flights abroad I have seen heaps of dead, mutilated by every sort of infernal weapon that man, with his vaunted intelligence, has been able to invent.

"You could not guess, now, that that blackened ruin was last year the prettiest château in the neighborhood, and had the most lovely grounds. Those Prussian Uhlans, with their horses and lances, have paid us a visit.

'What wanton horrors marked their wreckful path!'

And just because the noble owner of the house refused to accede to their avaricious demands they set fire to his home, destroyed his gardens, and sent the family, who were always kind and peaceable, wandering like beggars into the world. I am sure we birds were never guilty of such barbarities.

"We rooks have our troubles also. Every year, after the winter storms, we have to renew our nests. At the very time when we are carrying sticks to our lofty home we are disturbed by the busy masons on the scaffolding. Both men and birds are at the same work, that of *rebuilding*. But, I say, why can not men live in happy and peaceful communities like us rooks? Ah! there goes a rascally compatriot with one of my twigs. May he be rook-pied! Alas! I am afraid there are villains in all societies. I'll just after him! Caw! caw!"

GESTURE LANGUAGE

IN South Italy there is current a venerable story, which is here given with all reserve, as the diplomates say: in other words, it is totally unworthy of belief. The story is this. A stranger present at a cabinet council in Naples, after some silent pantomime had taken place, asked when business was going to begin, and was told that it was over. "But," objected the astonished stranger, "nobody has said a word." "True," was the answer; "but surely you observed what was going on?" "I saw nothing going on," said the stranger, "except a few shrugs and grimaces, and the king signing his name. You don't mean to say you call that business?" "Of course," was the answer. "What's the use of a long talk, when we can express our meaning as well, and more quickly, by signs?" The story, though an exaggeration, is, nevertheless, not so utterly absurd as it seems to the English reader. Southern Italians use a great deal of gesture while speaking; not because they are deaf or dumb, for they are quick of hearing, everlasting talkers, and remarkably intelligent, but because they have picturesque instincts, and are not satisfied with expressing their ideas by feeble words; while they satisfy their natural impatience by using gestures in lieu of whole sentences, and can, and do, occasionally carry on conversations without any speech at all. For example, I have seen a man in a balcony near the top of a house narrate entirely by gestures his day's adventures to a friend on the ground-floor of a house on the opposite side of a street.

The gesture-language is believed to be, in the main, the same all the world over; still, in places widely apart, in which the habits of life are very different, it is natural to expect a corresponding difference in a language which is plainly imitative, and nothing else. In Mr. Tylor's work upon the "Early History of Mankind," which contains a very interesting account of this language, it is stated that, according to the general practice of mankind, shaking the head is the sign for the negative "No." In South Italy, however, shaking the head never means "No," but always, "I don't understand you; what do you mean?" while "No" is expressed by elevating the chin and protruding the under lip a little; and a still stronger negative by the same movements, to which is added scraping the under side of the chin with the tips of the right-hand fingers, holding the knuckles outward, and the fingers slightly bent. In the curious affidavit in support of the will of a deaf-and-dumb man, unable to read and write, quoted by Mr. Tylor, which explains the signs used by the testator to express his testamentary wishes, it is to be observed that the testator expressed his death by laying the side of his head in the palm of his right hand, and then lowering the right hand, palm upward, to the ground. In South Italy, a Catholic country, death is expressed by making the sign of the cross with the first two fingers of the right hand held together, upright, before the face, that being the final action of the priest when administering the sacrament to a dying person. The gesture by which the English deaf-and-dumb man expressed his death would, omitting the lowering of the hand, mean, in South Italy, sleep. In this country we beckon a person toward us by holding a hand or finger with tips upward. In South Italy, however, the tips are held downward, and the English manner of beckoning is used for salutation. The verb "go" is expressed in South Italy by holding the open hand, the palm perpendicular to the ground, and pointed in the intended direction, and shaking the hand up and down from the wrist; while in this country we simply point with the index finger. In South Italy "hunger" is expressed by extending the thumb and first finger, keeping the others closed, over the mouth, and giving a rotary motion from the wrist. The reader is at liberty to try this upon any organ-grinder he meets, and mark the result. "To-day" is expressed by closing all the fingers of the right hand except the index, then pointing downward, making a rapid slight movement of the hand up and down; "to-morrow" is the same, except that the movement is greater, and from the elbow. Numbers, of course, are shown by holding up the fingers. So much for the language itself, and now for the method of using it.

After the revolution of 1860, the police affairs of South Italy were carried on by the Italian carabineers, a remarkably fine body of men, of great intelligence, and mostly from the north, in place of the native *sbirri*. The consequence was that the malefactors did as they pleased, the carabineers being powerless. They complained that it was of no use their attempting to cope with a people who, by a gesture, a look, and a word in an unknown tongue (for the dialects of South Italy are unintelligible to people from the north), hatched plots under their very noses. Riding once in a carriage in Sicily past a string of country carts, each of which had a driver, armed, lying prone on top of the load, I heard one of these men call out: "Ah ca!" very loud, as if to his donkey; but he meant to attract the attention of the carter in front, who understood perfectly well, and looked back, whereupon the first man held up his hand, and rubbed together the tips of his thumb and first finger (the sign for money), giving a glance at the same time toward the carriage. In answer, the friend nodded. The following remarks had been exchanged: "Rich folks there, eh?" "Uncommon." I thought at the time, if these gentry had been brigands, and my coachman an accomplice, *he* would probably have nodded, and straightway the armed carters would have jumped down, surrounded the carriage, dragged me off to the mountains; and I should have been the subject of numerous letters in foolscap paper, quarter margin, exchanged between polite diplomatists, who would apparently be only too glad of the opportunity of assuring one another of their "distinguished consideration."

But to return to our story-teller in the balcony. The narrator began by straddling the first and second fingers of his right hand across the first finger of his left, to express a ride; then he pointed to his own stomach, to show that he was himself the rider; next he pointed with his hand in the direction of a neighboring village; which, together, meant, "As I was riding to ——." Then he put up his hands, and bent his head, as one does in taking aim with a gun; next held up his hands, palms outward, and started back, to express surprise; then he moved one hand quickly round over the other, as we do when imitating a drummer for children, and bent his body sideways, to express a fall; which meant, "Suddenly a man with a gun appeared, and aimed at me, whereupon the donkey started back with fright, and I fell off." At this the friend down below held up his right hand with the knuckles toward the balcony, and fingers slightly bent, and rapidly moved it from the wrist backward and forward (the way of inquiring in general), which meant in this instance, "Well, were you hurt?" In answer to this, the man above lifted his eyebrows, put his hand to his hip, and limped a little way, to express, "Nothing to speak of—a little lame, that's all;" and thus the conversation proceeded.

The chief prison of Palermo, the capital of Sicily, consists of a number of detached houses in a large court-yard surrounded by a high broad wall. The prisoners are kept in the houses, and sentries march up and down the wall, keeping a look-out within and without.

Every day men and women may be seen standing outside the wall, communicating by gestures with the prisoners at the top windows of the houses within. The parties to the conversation can see one another's faces and their expression, but can scarcely hear one another speak. They converse thus by the half-hour together. One may see a woman, for example, moving her mouth in saying "Cicco," and putting her hand to her forehead, meaning, "Cicco is ill." Whereupon a prisoner inside, possibly the father, throws out his hands, making the general sign of inquiry: he wants to know "How did it happen?" and the woman answers, "Hunger did it," by making the sign for hunger, already explained. Then the man throws his hands up, and it can be seen that he says "Dio mio!" and is expressing his affliction.

Of course the gesture-language is largely used in rows, and naturally some of the expressions are more forcible than refined. One which invariably winds up every row among the women of the lowest class is this: a belligerent who is getting the worst of it, but desires to retire with some *éclat*, suddenly turns her back on the enemy, throws all her clothes over her head, and retreats. Contempt can not be more strongly expressed.

Love-making by signs is very general. The method has many recommendations; for as the lovers are not seen together and don't write, they are not easily found out. Every window opens to the floor, and has a balcony, so that neighbors have great facilities for the pastime. The language of love is very simple; it is always the same, and always interesting and new. The gentleman begins by taking out his handkerchief, which he passes over his face, looking all the time at the lady, and throwing into his face and eyes expressions of admiration for her; at the same time he compliments her on her beauty by passing his hand over his mouth and chin. The lady's answer is a blush, hiding her face, except the eyes, behind her fan, and pointing to the rear, to indicate that mamma is coming, and retreats. Next time, the same play on the gentleman's side, followed by possibly a glance, not of discouragement, from the lady; whereupon he hugs his left side, to express that he loves her to distraction; and the lady flees, to return the next day, and observe the gentleman, of course to her great astonishment and displeasure, repeat the previous gestures, ending by showing her the palms of his hands, and looking entreaty, which any young lady even unacquainted with the particular language in question would understand to mean: I vow by, etc., that I love you more than—and so forth. Do you love me? The answer to which, of course, depends upon circumstances; and thus the ancient comedy proceeds. It is understood to be extremely interesting to the *dramatis personæ*. Love-making, short of the "ask-papa" part, is frequently carried on in South Italy in this way; and it not seldom happens that when papa is inexorable, or the lady in a convent, the whole affair, including agreement and preparations to run away, is transacted solely by gestures—apropos of which it is on record, that on an occasion of the sort, all being prepared, and the gentleman in the street waiting at the lady's door with the carriage intended to carry off the happy couple, an awfully gruff voice was heard asking, "Are you there?" The lover looked toward the voice, saw that it came from the object of his balcony affections, and, utterly disenchanted, fled. This story, although nearly as incredible as the first narrated, is given without any reserve: it is quite true.

IN DANGER IN THE DESERT.

IN the spring of 18—, I was intrusted by government with some dispatches of the greatest importance, to be carried from Damascus to the English political agent at Bagdad. The journey from Syria to Chaldea was, I knew from experience, a perilous one, whether performed on camel or horse, and with whatever escort; and, even if uninterrupted, would take me six full days. I was an old hand, and had not lived for months among Arab tribes without knowing that Russian spies, French agents, and Turkish robbers (in which comprehensive word I include all Turkish officials of whatever rank) would certainly brew me some trouble by the way, if they caught even the faintest inkling of the object of my journey. So I prepared accordingly.

The more poor, wretched, and forlorn a Desert traveler looks, the more likely he is to reach the end of his journey in safety. The Bedouin sees showy dresses, fine horses, and well-filled purses as far off as the vulture can see a dead gazelle. Thoroughly impressed with this fact, the day before my departure I ferreted out the most dingy rag-shop in the narrowest and dirtiest street of the most filthy quarter of all Damascus. Seated there, cross-legged, beside the one-eyed, hunch-backed proprietor, I wrangled with him for two good hours over a ragged robe, patched with as many colors as Joseph's garment. For this thing of shreds and patches I paid the enormous sum of twenty piasters, or about half a crown English, and took care to get a formal receipt, flourished in goodly Arabic, the blessing of the pilgrim who kept the stall being thrown into the bargain. In addition I bought an enormous dirty red turban as big as a prize pumpkin, beneath which my long black hair fell down twelve inches long. I took care also to provide myself secretly with two little Derringer revolvers, and I further laid in two pounds of fine snuff, several cases of powder, some quinine, and a large bottle of castor-oil for the use of some Arab workmen employed in the town near Bagdad, to which I was ultimately destined. I next hired three strong camels, and two camel-drivers, trusty Arabs, outlaws from some Desert tribe. My last step was one that may seem a singular one to my readers; but it was well intended, and it proved my salvation. After dusk I went to a Turkish officer whom I had known for years, and, to his infinite astonishment, borrowed a pair of handcuffs. All these arrangements completed, I presented myself before her Majesty's representative, and from him I received every possible assistance in carrying out the minor arrangements for my dangerous undertaking.

At 6 A.M., while the city was still only half awake, I, with my two camel-drivers, started for the house of an English lady in the suburbs, who had kindly undertaken to store all my heavier luggage till I returned. This extraordinary woman, the modern Lady Hester Stanhope of Arabia, has been married no fewer than seven times. Her first husband was a well-known English nobleman; the present is an Arab sheik, the chief of a powerful Bedouin tribe between Bagdad and Damascus. Shaking hands with Lady ——, I remounted my camel, and pushed on straight for Tadmor, once Palmyra, the magnificent city of palaces, but now a ruined heap of broken pillars, the abode only of the jackal and the snake. We had scarcely ridden a mile through the palm groves and corn fields before a clatter of quick hoofs made me look round, and a sight fitted for a land of romance, mystery, and enchantment met my eyes. The lady I had just left, escorted by a gentleman, who proved to be a Knight of Malta, came galloping after me to guard me half-way to Tadmor. It was one of the sudden, generous, and chivalrous caprices of this strange person, whose heart misfortunes and faults had still left warm, kindly, and full of womanly tenderness. Her body-guard was as strange a one as if she had been an enchantress of the times of Al Raschid. It consisted of half a dozen thorough-bred Bedouin colts of the royal race. They were without saddles or bridles, and were playing and skimming round her like butterflies round a flower. Beautiful creatures, light-footed as deer, playful as monkeys, they chased each other round their mistress, and the moment she called them by name, stood stock-still in a wondering but obedient circle, or came thrusting their noses into her hand for the customary cakes. To some of those pets she had given Arab names, but others were christened, playfully or sarcastically, after English celebrities. Two of the finest of her equine attendants were Palmerston and Pitt; the most ill-tempered and kicking was Ellenborough.

We arrived at night at a village, outside which my servants pitched our tents, which were easily built up with a sheet or two, and a few palm sticks; and there, like gypsies or Irishmen at a fair, we had our meal and our coffee. Before long the beauty of the lady's escort began to attract attention.

The village being on the outskirts of the Desert, the men were nearly all excellent judges of horseflesh, and they at once set us down as horse-stealers, on our way to sell our spoil to the Bedouins. In vain we assured them that the colts were not to be sold. Still they kept asking the price of this and that one, and patting and pinching them with a true horse-dealer's unction, believing my strenuous denials to be nothing but the coquetry generally practiced by all dealers on would-be purchasers. At last I quieted my somewhat troublesome friends by getting them in crowds round me and telling them the latest news from Europe, and assuring them, to their infinite delight, that the Turkish government would not last long.

I need scarcely say that, for the lamb we ate, the dates we needed, the milk, honey, and the corn for the camels and horses, we paid as liberally and as scrupulously as if we had been in Europe. This seems a foolish fact to mention, but in that Syrian village such a proceeding was by no means a matter of course. So little, indeed, a matter of course, that the whole village was roused by the news of such justice and generosity. A great surprise awaited us, which impressed this astonishment sufficiently upon us. After supper, in the cool of the evening, I was sitting at my door, when I heard in the distance drums and dervish flutes approaching; presently, behind a crowd of excited Arabs, waving sticks and swords, came a litter borne by six people, and on the litter, like a prisoner on a stretcher, lay a very old white-bearded man, the sheik of the village. He was fourscore-and-ten, he told me, and he had never before known any traveler who came there to pay for any thing he took. He had, therefore, ordered his servants to carry him, before he died, to see the wonderful man who paid his way, so that he (the sheik) might give him his blessing, and then return home and depart in peace.

The old man spoke well, and wisely. He had reflected much, though all his life confined to so narrow a sphere. He said to me, with much pathos: "I have seen nothing in this world but wickedness. The Turks seize all we have in the name of Allah and the sultan. I am very old, fourscore-and-ten, nearly blind, and dying fast; yet I would make them bring me here to see the man who paid for what he and his horses and camels wanted, for I never saw a man before who really feared Allah and showed justice to his fellow-man." He was certain I could not be a Turk, he knew I was not an Arab—of what nation was I?

I replied, smiling, that I found it difficult to tell him, for I was born in Ireland, educated in Rome, and brought up in England.

He replied that England must be a glorious country, where, though a woman governed, every one could obtain justice. "Here we," said he, with a sigh, "poor wretches, on the frontier of the Desert, in a land of barbarism, although living between two of the most ancient cities of the East, are slaves from our birth to our grave. We are governed in the name of the sultan, and we are robbed in his name. The Turks reduce us to beggary, and our children to shame. There is no redress. Old and respected as I am," added the old sheik, "if I were to dare to petition at Damascus or Bagdad against any acts of injustice, in three days the village would be razed to the ground, and I should, perhaps, be beaten to death, in spite of all the men I could arm. Yes," said the old man, his eyes lighting up with almost youthful fire, "it will be a happy day for Syria when the Russian legions cross the frontier and summon us all to rise, for the Turks are only fit to be slaves, and the day of their fall must come."

The next morning at daybreak I fired a pistol as a signal for starting. Lady —— was asleep, surrounded by her horses, her tent door guarded by the gallant Maltese chevalier, who carried a drawn sword in his hand. My first proceeding was to wash my face with water in which a lemon had been squeezed—the best of all precautions, next to the dry Desert air, against ophthalmia. After breakfast I supplied myself and my two camel-drivers with sufficient bread, water, grain, cheese, and dates for six days. We were soon ready to leave the village for all the dangers of the lonely, melancholy waste that has known no change since the creation. But already my enemies were on my track. Two Turks, French and Russian spies, accompanied by a renegade Arab, had made their appearance in the village, and, changing their horses for camels, pushed on for the Desert, to give notice, as I afterward found to my cost, of my approach. I suspected them, but I merely exchanged the ordinary Oriental salutations as they passed, and said nothing. Off they strode, and disappeared in the burning sunshine.

At eight o'clock I parted from Lady —— and proceeded on my way, my faithful compass my only guide. We soon left behind us the village, our camels starting at the rate of about three miles an hour, which they quickened, as they acquired confidence and a knowledge of the ground, to about four miles an hour. At the third hour we turned off the right track, about five miles to the right, in order, if possible, to overtake the spies, or at least to elude the vigilance of others who might be behind us. About five o'clock all habitations of man, all green or golden patches of sesame, millet, or oats began to disappear, and half an hour before sundown we reached the outskirts of the actual Desert, by no means a mere plain of sand, but a gray ocean, with moss and thorny shrubs that seemed to float upon its surface.

That I may not appear to exaggerate in the smallest degree the dangers into which I really fell, I must here explain to my readers that the trusty servants whom Lady —— had recommended to me were not outlaws in a bad sense. The Bedouins expel men from their tribes for the violation of their most trifling laws. They would expel an Arab, for instance, for contracting himself to a daughter of the tribe without her father's consent, or a youth who, discontented with a promised dowry, contracted himself to another maiden. His life being in danger for these not very tremendous sins, a man so compromised generally takes refuge in flight. It is this reason why there are so many Arabs now living in stone houses on the shores of the Persian Gulf, who have abandoned the customs of the race of Ishmael.

Of this class of more or less harmless Bedouin outlaws Damascus contains some thousands. But the worst robbers and murderers in the Desert are the outlaws of the outlaws—rascals expelled from the stationary Arabs—who then turn wild, and ride forth into the Desert to live by bloodshed and murder. The real Bedouin, born and bred in the Desert, is seldom cruel except to the Turk, and then only in retaliation for old cruelties, or to satisfy old grudges.

After pushing three miles in the straight course to Tadmor, I turned about a mile from my course and settled for the night, making holes about three feet deep, according to the Desert custom, for the fires, so that our pursuers, if there were any, should not see the flame by night. We set up our tents with spears, as the night air in the Desert, even in summer, is cold, especially when the wind is blowing from the Persian Gulf. The night dews also are very heavy. We then "hobbled" our camels, took some food, and went to sleep. After four hours' rest we started again, and continued without interruption till noon the next day; we then again alighted, prepared our fires to enjoy our usual coffee, having first fed our camels, and given them a bottle of English beer each, from a small stock I had brought with me from Beyrout. After two hours' rest, we proceeded about three miles, till we reached a broad tract of damp sand, stretching for a space of about twenty miles long and twenty broad. Certain that I should find running water, I got off my camel and dug my spear down a depth of about nine feet, but no water would come, though the moisture clearly enough proved that it was to be found at no great distance.

At first, to my surprise, I saw no animals here, where I should have expected gazelles to be numerous, but after a few minutes a large hawk flashed between my camel and that of one of my Arabs. At the same moment I heard a hare screaming like a child. The female hawk was up in the air, about fifty yards overhead, watching the prey, ready to swoop down if it cowered, or to turn it back to its pursuing mate. The poor frightened hare, seeing death near, scuttled into a hole in the sand for protection; but, poor thing, she was out of the frying-pan into the fire, for she reappeared in a moment, and fell dead close by me. She had been bitten by a snake. In an instant I was off my camel digging up the hole with my spear, and soon secured the snake in a bag, thinking it might be of some use to me hereafter. I firmly believe my poor Arabs thought me mad for troubling myself at all about either hare or snake. Very soon after this things began to look black, for we came on fresh camel tracks, both in front of us and to the right of us. The spies had been too quick for me. The tracks were fresh, although the wind was blowing—a sure proof that they were not far before us—probably on their way to the wells at a Slebi station—so I pushed on, as, once at the wells, no one dare molest us.

These Slebis are a mysterious people, and no one has yet discovered from whom they are descended. In fact, they are neither Bedouins, Turks, nor Jews. There are none of the lost tribes among them. They are neither Mohammedans nor devil-worshipers, but worship the one God. They neither rob nor plunder, but dwell in stationary tents, possess vast flocks of white and black sheep, and seldom fight, except occasionally among themselves. These good people are most hospitable, and devote their lives to maintaining the wells for the use of travelers. The only wants of these simple-hearted people are grass and water. They have no chiefs. They are the missionaries of the Desert—a brotherhood self-organized to relieve distressed travelers, especially Europeans.

We spent the night with these worthy people, whom even robbers will not molest, and, after filling our bags with water and grain for the camels, at three o'clock in the morning we steered straight for Bagdad. We rode on unmolested, and neither saw nor heard any thing of the spies or of our pursuers. We were not, however, to escape, and we had not gone far before we came upon fresh tracks in the sand. Our enemies were just ahead. Another moment, and they would be upon us. There was great need of caution. I at once ordered my men to strike off a mile to the right. We then halted, threw down our camels, gagged them with blankets, tied their legs, and raised a circular heap of sand round them to hide them from any watchful enemy. We took some food, and gave our camels corn, and a half-ration of water: having slept a couple of hours, we now turned back to the wells where we had been the night before, and from there steered straight for Koubisseh, the frontier town.

We had not been half an hour on the new road before we heard a savage cry, more like the howl of a flock of pursuing wolves than the shout of men, and horsemen appeared bearing down on all sides of us. It was the war-cry of Bedouin robbers, who had been hired to intercept us. There were twelve of them, as savage and diabolical cutthroats as ever hemp was grown for. My men seized their double-barrel guns, and were eager for resistance. Three or four of the rascals shot, the rest might fly; and besides, our first bullets expended, we had still our spears. But this was not in the plan of my campaign. I was on a mission, as I well knew, of peace, and I was resolved not to shed blood except at the last extremity. Now was the time for the handcuffs. I had my strategy ready to overcome the difficulty. Quickly I told my men to lock the handcuffs on me, and represent to the robbers that I was a mad soldier whom they were ordered to take home to his friends at Bombay *viâ* Bagdad. My men were faithful and prompt. They did as I told them. In a moment the thieves dashed up, brandishing their spears. They instantly noticed me, naturally enough, for I was dancing an insane hornpipe, and asked eagerly why I was manacled. My men said, "Don't be afraid, it is a madman we are taking to Bassorah, and he would kill himself if he was not in handcuffs." They then gathered round me as if I were a new sort of animal, and asked me if I spoke Arabic. My men, with pardonable mendacity, replied they did not know, on which I began jabbering nonsense in Arabic, and begged the robbers, as good fellows, to take my irons off and keep me from those camel-drivers, who had deprived me of liberty for no reason at all. The robbers at once took me for a madman. "Ragh el Allah!" (God's own holy man), they call an insane person, and they fear and reverence such unfortunate men as specially inspired by Heaven, though not always with intelligible prophecies. The chief, a murderer from his boyhood, I was sure, called for the key of the handcuffs. "Quick!" he said; "you rascals, take off the irons from the Lord's own man." Then threatening my men, who pretended to be reluctant, the thieves all dismounted, and sat down to examine my saddle-bags to see what they could find there worth carrying off. The robber-sheik, a hideous rascal, more like an ogre than a man, with a flat nose, huge mouth, and staring, bloodshot eyes, was the first to rummage. The first thing he pulled out was a frieze coat of mine. They had no tents, and it was often cold camping in the Desert. The sheik at once fell in love with this old friend of mine. He had no patience to study how it should be worn, and at once drove his legs through the sleeves, in which they wedged fast. The tails he flung over his shoulder, with a puzzled look at his admiring and envious followers. I could not help roaring with laughter, his gestures of discomfort were so irresistible. Knowing that no one would touch the madman, I got behind the entangled sheik and pushed him over; then, with a yell, I ran at one or two others, thin slight fellows I could almost have thrown over my head, and pushed them down. The rest only laughed at my gambols, and at the discomfiture of their angry comrades. The sheik tried harder than ever to adapt himself to his new costume, and floundered about like a man in a sack race.

"What do you call this robe?" he cried out angrily to me. "I can't get my legs in it or out of it. I never could ride about the Desert here, Hadji, in this; it is only fit for a priest, and you see I can't walk in it either. Here, Achmet, bring your knife and cut me out."

Achmet, a great hairy giant of a Kurd, produced a most blood-thirsty huge knife, ripped open the sleeves of my poor frieze coat, and liberated the bewildered sheik.

"You don't mean to tell me," he said, "people in England ride about in such things as that?"

I assured them they did, and then rolled on the ground, laughing at his mistake.

"What it is to be a fool!" said the spearmen to each other, pitying me. "Thank God we are not the favored of Heaven! Allah he praised! Let's see, sheik, what else is in the bags."

I then implored them to give me the handcuffs, for fear the men who were with me should get hold of them again, and I promised them my blessing, which was worth two camels, adding, in Irish, just to relieve my feelings, "Success to all honest men, and the nearest gallows for all rogues." When I had got hold of my handcuffs, and had hidden them safely away, the thieves made me sit down with them in a circle, and explain to them the contents of my saddle-bags.

"Mille diaoul," thought I, "if you trust to me, you shall learn all about them, bad cess to ye!"

The first thing they pulled out was my big bottle of castor-oil, which the sheik held admiringly up till the fat liquid gurgled inside.

"What's this, Hadji?" he said, with eyes gloating upon the oily liquid.

I kept my face, and replied humbly, "Beled Franghi" (white honey from Europe).

The wretches' cruel eyes glistened. Every lean brown hand was at once stretched toward the transparent bottle. They held a council as to which was to have the first draught. By a sublime effort of self-denial, the sheik at last divined that it was only respectful that I should begin. Yes, I had the rascals now. I declined, saying I had been drinking rather too much of it lately, but I drew the cork for the chief, and passed him the bottle. He was bent on a good gulp, and his mouth opened in anticipation like a young shark's. After a deep draught, he passed the bottle on to the one next him in the circle round the fire. It was getting dark, and the thieves were too eager for their turns to look at their companions or to utter a word. There was no remark till the last man had drained the bottle; then the sheik began to curse and spit, and the others then spit and cursed worse than he did.

"Do you call that honey from Europe?" said one.

"It is not even sweet," said a second.

"It is accursed—most accursed," groaned the deeply compromised sheik. He would not forget that honey for six months.

"What bees those must be!" moaned Achmet; "if I had them I'd thrash them to death. Come, let's try the other things," and he began to experimentally munch one of my candles, which he hardly appreciated, though at first he shouted:

"By Allah, here is mutton fat!"

But the others ate away with more approval. Then the chief shouted for coffee, and honored my sanctity by giving me the first basinful. They now prepared for sleep, but my revenge was not yet complete.

I had still something in store for them as they lay rolled up in front of the camels. I remembered I had powder stowed away, which the robbers had not yet found. I went to my servants and told them to get sticks, and run and beat the nearest bushes, declaring they had seen a snake six feet long. They at once raised a shout. The robbers instantly leaped up, and took their spears to help in the search. I took advantage of the moment. I dug a hole, and buried under the sand six tins, with several pounds of powder in each. In a few minutes the men came back declaring they could not find the snake, and began to relight their fire. They then laid themselves down in the Bedouin way in their goat-skins, with their feet to the flame and their faces to Mecca. I called my servants away, and removing to a respectful distance from the fire, watched patiently for the effect of my small gunpowder plot. My servants knew nothing of what I had done. For twenty minutes the fire burned cheerfully in the centre of the ring of sleepers. Then came an explosion such as the Bedouins had never before heard or seen. It came like a volcano and earthquake combined, with a roar and rush of fire, a storm of embers tearing up the sand for six feet round where it burst, driving the sleepers here and there, as if a shell had broken to pieces in the midst. The robbers flew in all directions, shouting and screaming, or falling on their faces before the supposed fire from heaven, praying Allah to avert the deserved punishment that had fallen on their heads for plundering a poor holy madman. I ran after them laughing, asking what was the matter, as I had heard nothing. "Not heard it!" said the men, who were plastered all over with clay; "why there was a noise ten thousand times louder than the loudest thunder, and the flame sprang out at us like fiery snakes ten feet long." They then knelt all round me, struck their foreheads to the ground, and prayed my forgiveness, promising, in the name of the Holy Prophet, never again to molest God's most holy man. To end all this, I had to give the infernal rogues my blessing a second time all round.

They now agreed to take me to the nearest Slebi well on the road between Medina and Bagdad. On our way we crossed the bed of a brook. Now every tribe in the Desert has its own cipher, secret mark, or emblem, and its own flag. Lagging behind at this point, I got off my camel. I wrote my name in full in Arabic, with words indicating that I was in the hands of robbers, and had gone on a certain route. I had once lived among the El Defir, a powerful tribe in this neighborhood, and I knew well that if any of their horsemen or scouts passed that ford within the twenty-four hours, they would instantly set their spearmen on my track.

When my worthy captors arrived at the Slebi station, they never said a word to those good people about having robbed me. They merely said that I was a poor forsaken madman whom they had found wandering in the Desert, and they suggested that any food and protection afforded me would as certainly bring a speedy blessing on the heads of the hospitable Slebis as it had done on their own. The Slebis, who show toleration to all, and do not merely talk of it, and who are Christians in actions, though not in words, at once prepared a meal for the ill-favored rascals, whom they no doubt more than half guessed to be lying robbers and murderers. They made a huge bowl of porridge for us, and I was placed at the head of the circle on a bag of meal, the seat of honor. The tent in which we were seated was one of a row of black camel's-hair tents which opened one into the other, and would hold at least two hundred persons. Before our meal was half over, a Slebi rushed into the tent screaming:

"We are lost! the El Defir are coming down on us like locusts. Their army is close at hand; they are going to attack us." It was my tribe; they had seen what I had written. I looked at the robbers, their gibbet faces were perfectly livid. They felt already the camel's-hair rope pressing their weasands. The chief dropped his spoon. Between Achmet's blubber lips the porridge smoked unswallowed. Five minutes after, nearly a thousand mounted spearmen had surrounded our tent, and were calling out for the robbers, and for Hadji el Hur, whom the thieves had made prisoner. Another moment the black curtain of the tent door was lifted, and the chieftainess strode in. It was the daughter of the sheik, who, in the absence of her father, was governing the tribe, and gloried in this opportunity of doing me a service. I shall never forget the bewilderment and horror painted on the faces of the robbers as they stared from her to me. I recovered my senses with extraordinary rapidity.

"Behold!" she cried to the swarthy men who surrounded her—"behold a member of your own tribe. This is Hadji el Hur, who is a prince of Europe"—prince, indeed!—"and Allah has sent me here to save him. Hang those robbers at once. Bind them hand and foot. We have long wanted these men, for they are of the race of Satan."

The frightened wretches threw themselves groveling down and kissed my feet. "Save our lives, Hadji," they cried; "we did you no harm."

"No," I said, "Leila, there shall be no blood shed. I am here on a mission of mercy and peace. Forgive these wretches. Remember that your tribe also plunder and prey. In future let these accursed rogues be merciful to poor travelers, as I have been to them. Perhaps before they die they may repent of their misdeeds, and show charity to those more miserable than themselves. Take away their camels, get them two asses to carry water, and let them tramp over the Desert on foot till they can find some refuge, and pray for the day to come when no Desert tribe shall rob or hinder the inoffensive traveler."

Off on their somewhat hopeless pilgrimage trudged the robbers, and in half an hour my tribe had pitched their tents. Lambs were killed; we ate, sang, and danced. "So, merrily, three days of Thalaba went by." At the end of that holiday we mounted our camels, the friendly tribe escorting me two hundred miles toward Bagdad, which city I eventually reached in perfect health and safety.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

THE pyramids of Egypt have always had an interest even for the non-scientific. Many seriously believe that the pyramids are built of brick, and still more that their original use was as tombs for the Egyptian kings. Mr. Piazzi Smyth, in a recent paper "On the Great Pyramid of Egypt," combats some of the favorite ideas of even professed Egyptologists on the subject. The history of architecture dates from the epoch of the pyramid-builders; and Mr. Smyth regards the Great Pyramid as the oldest monument in Egypt. The other pyramids were built afterward, were all smaller, less perfect in mechanical construction, without science in design, and meretricious in taste. The Great Pyramid of Cheops, the first and the largest, is alone a perfect example of architecture both in design and execution. After 4000 years of schooling we are unable at the present day to rival this stupendous work. The height of a building is good evidence of its stability; but the finest edifices we can boast, even in the matter of height alone, can not reach the grand old relics of the Nile. St. Paul's, in London, has a height of 4322 inches; St. Peter's, at Rome, 5184 inches; Strasburg Cathedral, 5616 inches; but the Great Pyramid is variously computed at between 5819 and 5835 inches. Another idea in connection with the Great Pyramid is that it was the work of successive generations. This theory may explain the pyramids in general, each layer of masonry being supposed to answer to the reign of a king. But with the chief one more exact researches have shown it to be different. There is but one style, both of building and quality of material, from top to bottom and from side to side. The structure was commenced at the first from carefully prepared plans. The enormous subterranean works, which occupied the workmen ten years, may still be seen, descending into the rock far deeper and farther than those of any other pyramid; and the whole structure, occupying twenty years of hard work, was finished by its founder, and completed according to the original design. The question of the Great Pyramid having been built for the purpose of a tomb is disposed of by Mr. Smyth in a very ingenious manner. The burial chambers of the old Egpptian kings were nothing but whole suites of apartments, gorgeously carved, and inscribed with emblems of self-glorification. But it just happens that the one pyramid of all, in which, as the grandest and most expensive, we should have expected to have found the most elaborate of these inscriptions, we find nothing of the sort—nothing but plane geometrical surfaces of exquisite workmanship; the stones worked by grinding processes to true mathematical figures, and with their joints cemented, but almost inconceivably fine and close, or no thicker than the vanishing thickness of a sheet of silver paper. Another theory among the *savans* has long been that the Great Pyramid, as included among the oldest pyramids of Memphis, is founded on alluvial mud, or on [illegible] of the great valley of the Nile. Mr. Smyth ridicules the idea altogether. What sinkings and tiltings of the Great Pyramid's floors would have taken place through long ages! Would they not, like the famous walls of Babylon, on similar soil, have gone down altogether out of sight, and never even remained to be measured at all? "The Great Pyramid," he says, "is in reality (and I declare it on the strength of nearly four months' residence at its foot) founded on a hill of compact limestone, at a level of about one hundred feet above the alluvial soil of Egypt, and to one side of it."

MENTAL POWERS OF ANIMALS.

THE lower animals, like man, manifestly feel pleasure and pain, happiness and misery. Happiness is never better exhibited than by young animals, such as puppies, kittens, and lambs, when playing together like our own children. Even insects play together, as has been described by P. Huber, who saw ants chasing and pretending to bite each other, like so many puppies.

It is a well-established fact that the lower animals are excited by the same emotions as ourselves. Terror acts in the same manner on them as on us, causing the muscles to tremble, the heart to palpitate, and the hair to stand on end. Suspicion, the offspring of fear, is eminently characteristic of most wild animals. Courage and timidity are extremely variable qualities in the individuals of the same species, as is plainly seen in dogs.

We see maternal affection exhibited in the most trifling details. Thus Rengger observed an American monkey carefully driving away the flies which plagued her infant, and Duvancel saw a hylobate washing the faces of her young ones in a stream. So intense is the grief of female monkeys for the loss of their young that it invariably caused the death of certain kinds kept under confinement by Brehm in North Africa. Orphan monkeys were always adopted and carefully guarded by the other monkeys, both male and female. One female baboon had so capacious a heart that she not only adopted young monkeys of other species, but stole young dogs and cats, which she continually carried about. An adopted kitten scratched this affectionate baboon, who certainly had a sharp intellect; for she was much astonished at being scratched, and immediately examined the kitten's feet, and without more ado bit off the claws. As Whewell has remarked, "Who that reads the touching instances of maternal affection related so often of the women of all nations, and of the females of all animals, can doubt that the principle of action is the same in the two cases?"

Most of the more complex emotions are common to the higher animals and ourselves. Every one has seen how jealous a dog is of his master's affection, if lavished on any other creature; the same fact is observed with monkeys. This shows that animals not only love, but have the desire to be loved. Animals manifestly feel emulation. They love approbation or praise; and a dog carrying a basket for his master exhibits in a high degree self-complacency or pride. A great dog scorns the snarling of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity. Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly dislike being laughed at; and they sometimes invent imaginary offenses. In the Zoological Gardens there was a baboon who always got into a furious rage when his keeper took out a letter or book and read it aloud to him.

Hardly any faculty is more important for the intellectual progress of man than the power of attention. Animals clearly manifest this power, as when a cat watches by a hole and prepares to spring on its prey. Wild animals sometimes become so absorbed when thus engaged that they may be easily approached. Mr. Bartlett has furnished a curious proof how variable this faculty is in monkeys. A man who trains monkeys to act used to purchase common kinds from the Zoological Society at the price of five pounds for each; but he offered to give double the price if he might keep three or four of them for a few days in order to select from. When asked how he could possibly so soon learn whether a particular monkey would turn out a good actor, he answered that it all depended on their power of attention. If, when he was talking and explaining any thing to a monkey, its attention was easily distracted, as by a fly on the wall or other trifling object, the case was hopeless. If he tried by punishment to make an inattentive monkey act, it turned sulky. On the other hand, a monkey which carefully attended to him could always be trained.